

LATE NOVEMBER, 1918

VOGUE

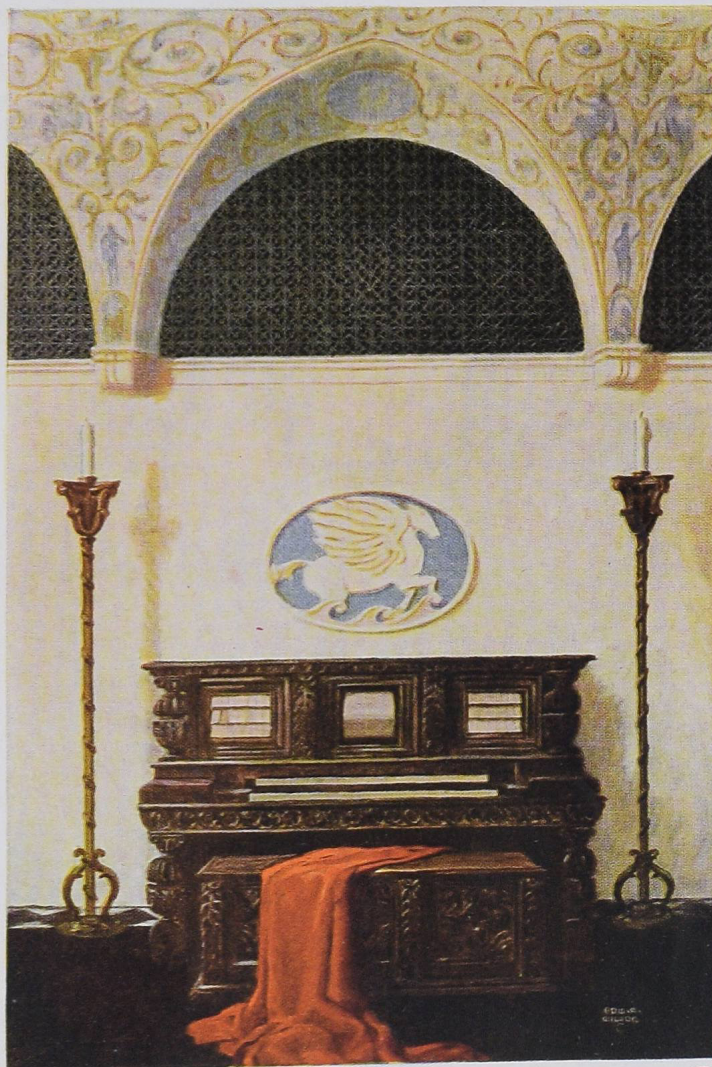
VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Late November
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DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, NOT ONLY EARLY, BUT AT ONCE

WHATEVER Christmas presents you are planning to give should be bought without delay for many reasons; all the shops are short-handed, most of them make but one delivery a day, and the things you want to buy may not be there if you put off your shopping a week, or even a day. But the best reason of all is that the Government wants to avoid the terrific Christmas rush of packages in the mails, and wants still more to keep the railroads as free as possible to carry coal and munitions. So, instead of col-

lecting a lot of packages to be sent off during Christmas week, which was a bad enough practice in peace times, fortify yourself with a box of "Do not open until Christmas" labels, and trust your friends to have as much strength of mind as you have had forethought.

One thing that you can do to make shopping easier for every one is to carry home your own packages. See to it that none of your packages clog the wheels of transportation this Christmas—our last war Christmas, for let's hope that Prussianism may be

completely defeated before the next Christmas.

The Government has asked us to give only useful presents. This, of course, doesn't apply to children—any one who, as a child, ever had the gloomy experience of finding a pair of gloves, or a dozen handkerchiefs, taking up the space of the last exciting package in the toe of the stocking, knows how children feel about useful presents. But it's certainly reasonable to expect that grown-ups, this year, should confine themselves to giving, and reconcile themselves to receiving, only useful presents.

VOL. NO. 52. NO. 9

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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C O N T E N T S

for
Late November, 1918



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WHOLE NO. 1106



Maurice Goldberg

MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Mrs. Gibson, who before her marriage was Miss Irene Langhorne, is the mother of Mrs. George B. Post, junior, and of Ensign Langhorne Gibson, U. S. N. R. F. She is Chairman of the Paul Jones House, a club for officers at 24 West 57th Street, which has managed to solve in a very pleasant and economical way the prob-

lem of the officer who is confronted by the difficulty of living as the world expects him to live, on the salary the Government gives him to live on. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, as Chairman of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, has been very successful in mobilizing the artists who are directing pictorial propaganda



It's a wise rabbit that knows its own father these days, for Lapin Père and his contemporaries have deserted the provinces to frequent the boudoirs of Paris. A brief visit to the furrier, and they emerge, sleek and glossy, dyed in sophisticated shades, and sought after by the fastidious

FURS AND PHILOSOPHY KEEP PARIS WARM

NOW that the gloomy winter days keep us in the house more and more, we shall have more time to think—and to think is to worry nowadays—than we had in summer when we could be outdoors so much. These rainy autumn days with their grey light are very familiar to us, for they have often kept us (sometimes with the grippe for company, it must be admitted) by the corner of the fire, reading, or dreaming of the thousand interests provided by our free and happy life. How far off all that seems!

But when the grippe keeps us in the house now, we shall find ourselves face to face with the most prosaic of realities, and the chief one against which we shall have to struggle is the cold. We can't sit by the fire, for no room in our house is much more than forty degrees above zero. In what comfortable corner can we, book in hand, give ourselves up to an afternoon of complete rest? When shall we be able to trail about again in our famous lacy tea-gowns? Certainly not this winter, when we shall practically live in our dressing-rooms, because they are smaller than the other rooms and consequently a little better heated. We shall often have little dinners of four here. The little table in front of the fire will remind us of our nursery table, and we shall have to ask a bottle of old Chambertin, treasured for years, to lend some of its golden carmine to our pale cheeks.

FURS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COALS

We shall all do as we did last year, keep one small room in our apartment to live in, and close all the others. They will be as icy as cold storage; if one so much as puts one's nose inside the door it will be frost-bitten immediately. And, now that coal has so basely deserted us, we shall wrap ourselves in furs, our only hope in this time of trouble and our only resource under the present régime. But the skins we would like to have will be out of our reach in price, for the days are long past when the chaise longue and the bed of the woman of taste were covered with sable and chinchilla.

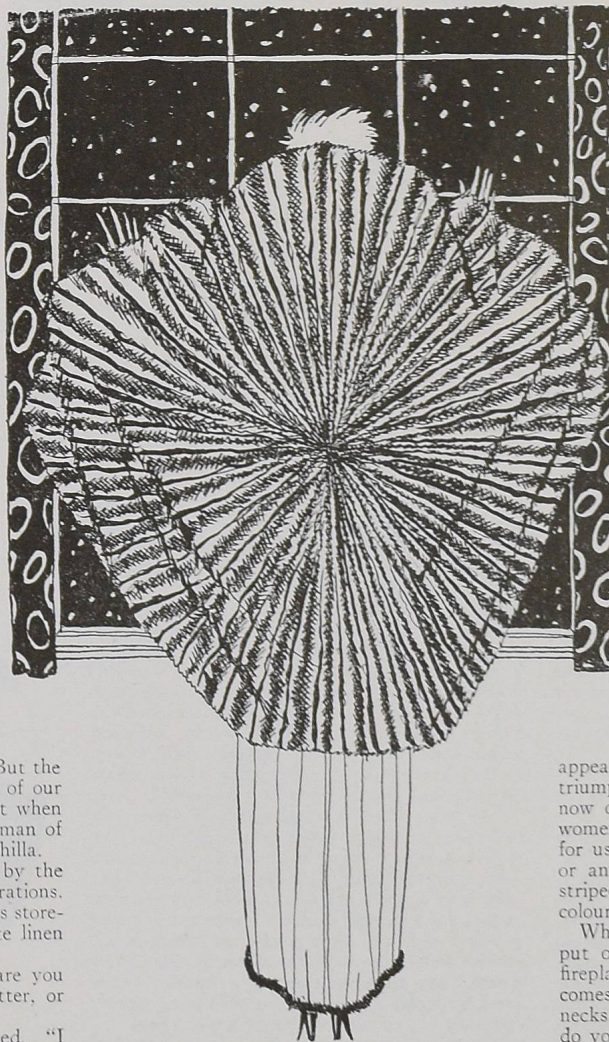
A certain ingenious furrier, who used, by the way, to paint charmingly, is full of inspirations. I found him one blazing August day in his store-room, dressed in his long blouse of white linen and surrounded by hundreds of skins.

"Well, Monsieur D.," I said, "What are you getting ready for winter? Broadtail, otter, or beaver?"

"I am getting heat ready," he answered. "I am making big covers of fur, to take the place of the coal you can't get. Wrapped in these up to your eyes, you will sleep and write letters and receive guests and dine. This is the

"Cold Is Only Fur Deep," Says
The Chilly Parisienne, Wrapping
Herself Up to Her Eyes In
A Delightful Assortment of Skins

Sketches by Georges Lepape



As every one is of draught age in mid-winter, this fur screen, held on by a few ribbons and much French ingenuity, is a happy suggestion

truth, no matter how foolish it may sound to you, and you will all come to realize it, you and your friends, unless you wish to leave your houses absolutely. A house at the present moment, as you all know, means simply an uncomfortable place with poor service, where nothing is ever found that we want to find."

My furrier, who is certainly a man of genius, has discovered a way by which we may, like the lovely lady in Lepape's sketch, turn up our noses at coal and its transportation. Do you see her sitting in the midst of a pile of furs, as varied as they are strange, which we should change for richer skins if fortune granted that we might have ermine and sable? At her feet is spread a rug of black fox, which, for more modest purses, might be replaced by glossy opossum. She is wrapped in ermine edged with skunk, but those of us who can not put many thousands of francs into a cover, have a tender feeling for the nice little white rabbit, which will give us the same delightfully snowy impression, and can be edged with skunk or any other dark fur. One of the prettiest things imaginable is the cushion at the back of this chilly little person; it is made of sable throats, so prettily striped that they give an absolutely new effect.

TO AVOID THE DRAUGHT

And in that sort of parachute placed against the second figure, the ingenuity of the coquette is added to the original idea of the furrier who has arranged bretelles of silk inside an octagonal cover, so that one may sit near a window without dying of the cold. The little person in one of these sketches might be a charmingly decadent little Esquimo buried in sorino, a distinguished title for a sort of South American skunk, whose golden blonde and brown tones lend to this enormous robe an

appearance of lightness, which is, of course, a triumph. This exotic visitor is seen as much now on the boulevards as his countrymen and women were before the war. But sorino is not for us, so we will use squirrel instead, or civet, or anything else that is sufficiently spotted or striped. The thing to avoid is a surface of plain colour.

When we sit down to write letters, we shall put our little movable table close against the fireplace in order to get the tiny bit of heat that comes from the wood fire. Soft fox around our necks will keep our shoulders warm, but how do you like the marvelous things suggested here for our feet? The lady in the picture has a cover of "blonde" velvet, the colour of ripe wheat, edged with a wide band of natural heather of the same pale gold colour as the velvet. This



Madame rolls herself in a big fur rug when she writes to Monsieur in the trenches, and with her "petits pieds si adorés" (as the French novels say) in a foot-muff, she sends much more charming letters than if she were in a fair way to get chilblains

could be replaced if necessary by some cheaper fur dyed to look like beaver.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FOOT-MUFF

When, wrapped above her waist in this golden warmth, the person in the sketch borrows from her ancestors the old-fashioned foot-muff for her toes, what will she have to fear? Certainly nothing can surpass this creation, in the way of comfort or coquetry; it is trimmed with otter medallions arranged like big fur flowers and lined with Mongolian goat. This animal has forsaken his native steppes to frisk at Parisian heels—very literally—for many a little French foot will be tucked this winter into a foot-muff lined with Mongolian goat. This fur, although it has been rather looked-down upon, is very useful for driving or traveling. I could even consider it as a bed covering, since I can't have ermine. I'm not so difficult to please that I couldn't be satisfied with a Mongolian goat, cut like a big deerskin and mounted on a coverlet of gold metal cloth or white satin, like the bear in the last sketch—a beautiful black bear of the Caucasus, which that wildly dishevelled lady has thrown on her bed, defying the nightmare. Perhaps she is dreaming of the days when she used to lie by the fire on her chaise longue in one of those lovely lacy tea-gowns, covered, not so much for warmth as for coquetry, with a velvet rug, perhaps the colour of ripe wheat, edged with beaver—that lovely blonde cendrée among furs.

WHEN COAL WAS PLENTIFUL

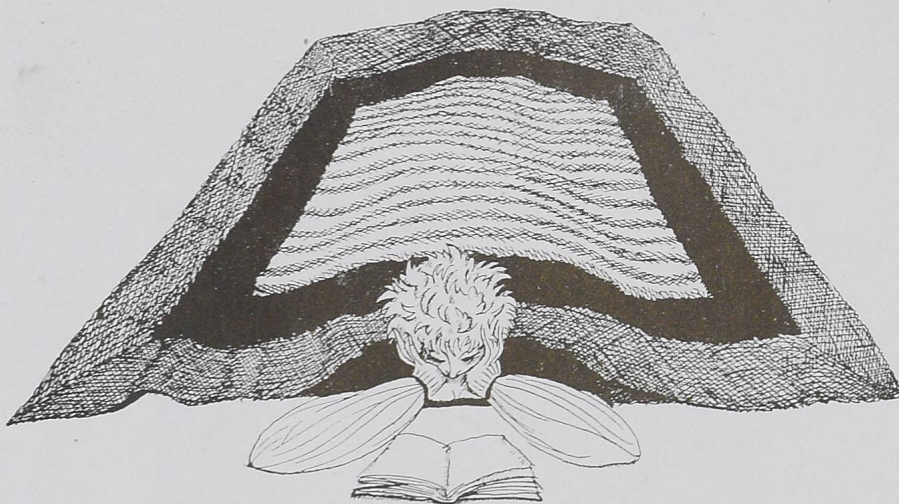
Then there was sugar in the tea, and little frosted cakes on the tea tray, and coals in the grates, and best of all there was peace—everywhere. And one of the many advantages of peace was that there was a very good chance—in fact a probability, that, with the stage so nicely set, there would come a ring at the door, and the nicest man in the world would come in for tea, and he wouldn't be a *permissionnaire*, and so could stay as long as he liked. Which would probably be years and years. One especially lovely coverlet was designed evidently for that beautiful and nonchalant creature who, to be nearer the hearth, has stretched herself out on the floor, opposite the flames, under a com-

bination of Australian opossum and kolinsky. Australian opossum, muskrat, beaver, kolinsky, and genet—these are charming new skins, light in colour and covered with small spots as delicate as the petals of flowers—these and many other skins are prepared, cut, and arranged by the artist Chanel-Damour for us.

We have left very far behind, in our enthusiasm over these combinations of inexpensive skins, the ideas of our grandmothers, who were rather snobbish in their attitude toward furs. A writer of the Empire tells us that ermine, "being a symbol of riches, should only be worn by women who have carriages. Astrakan is very common—one sees it on every street corner; fox, marten, sable, everybody wears them—they are the furs of the middle classes."

THE DEMOCRACY OF FUR

Already the war has achieved the complete democracy of fur, at least. Nobody ever thinks of asking about the antecedents of the piece of grey something that trims a suit. As likely as not it has been closely associated, in the past, with a rabbit from the most provincial districts and lived chiefly among cabbages and carrots—but that doesn't prevent its presence in the most exclusive muffs and other circles. In many cases a conscription of rabbits might release an ermine or so for the front, collar, and cuffs of some smart coat, and skunk or even bear—that discreet Japanese variety with rather short hair—might replace the sable. For fur has become, not a luxury, but an actual necessity. With fur, life may be complete this winter; without it,



We wonder (though it sounds like heresy even to breathe it) if, along about January, the location of our fashion centre may change. As yet we have not seen a single Paris model that meets our coming needs as well as the styles worn by the Eskimos

it will be mere existence. With fur, one may hope to be, not only fashionable, but comfortable; without it one must shiver outside the gates of paradise.

We all remember, of course, those dark and gloomy mornings last winter when, as we rose, the houses opposite had a curious unfamiliar look, seen through our own breath. Those cold unfriendly days when our wardrobe seemed suddenly to be totally inadequate to the occasion. Those unpatriotic afternoons when the most ardent knitters, pushing their feet a little nearer to the electric heater, wondered if it were necessary to send all the woollen socks to the front. Those altogether hopeless evenings when one had to go to bed to keep warm, and even then it took a quaint collection of bed coverings and other things to accomplish the desired end. They were cold unpleasant facts, those bygone days (when, for the good of one's country, one's nose got first red, and then white, and then blue), and we would like to forget all about them, were it not that more of them are coming. They are approaching even now with all the deadly certainty of old age or the Kaiser's defeat.

They are to be more heatless than ever. And it's all due, they tell us, to a lack of coal—an article with a reputation that is fast becoming as black as its appearance and which, like many other things of questionable repute, is growing

more and more desirable. In those affluent days before the war, when coal had never caused any trouble to anybody, we looked upon it with some scorn. But now things are very, very different. A lump of coal is as much to be desired as a dead German.

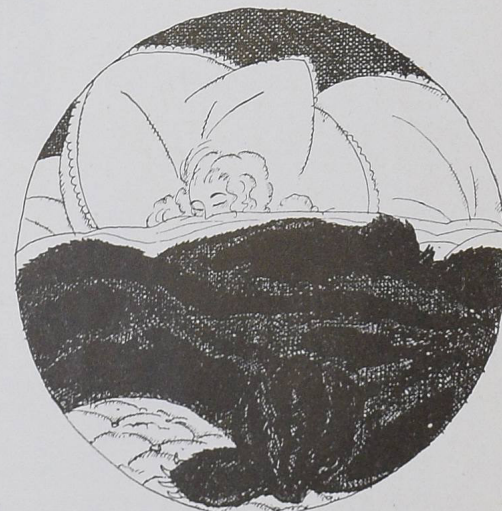
This is a war article, so, of course, the next question is, "What are you going to do about it?" And the answer is, "If you can't have coal, use fur." The lady at the beginning of this article who is so triumphantly enthroned in furs and confronted by a few apathetic lumps of coal, expresses the Parisian attitude toward the present coal-famine; and surely it is worthy of the race of Marie Antoinette to take the attitude that, if one can't have coals, one may at least have sables. Every one is wrapped in furs, and the age we are living in is like the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when women wore Spanish capes or cape coats and had their throats half choked in heavy furs, their hands lost in enormous muffs, and big fur caps on their heads like the grenadiers of Napoleon.

FUR VERSUS COAL

"One would have thought," says an historian of that time, "that the cold was their master, that they feared him and did not dare to defy him by wearing clothes of audacious thinness."

Will he be our master this coming winter? Perhaps; but at least, let us put up a fight against him with our fur rugs in the novel form of cloaks, of furniture, and even, if necessary, in place of a furnace itself.

At all events, we will not allow the cold to put an end to our pleasant meetings at the tea-table, or our informal little dinners, when the table is set, it must be admitted, in any room in the house that happens to be warm. Perhaps one of these gatherings will give rather the impression of a band of Arctic explorers, but what does it matter? The thing to make sure of is that when cold draughts come in at the windows, hospitality does not fly out by the door. After all, with a little laughter and gaiety, a few flashes of wit, and the bright flame of friendship to cheer us, we have no occasion to feel sorry for ourselves. And now that the news of daily victories quickens our pulses, we shan't mind the cold, or anything else, and over the top of our fur wraps and rugs and covers we shall at least be able to show very cheerful faces, and our spirits will insist on rising, no matter how low the thermometer finds it necessary to fall.



Haven't there been nights when the down quilt on your bed was utterly incapable of its appointed task and you thought with longing of the rug on the library floor?



It's wonderful what the war has done for some things. Here's our old friend black silk braid getting itself made into yards and yards of "ostrich fringe," the very newest sort of trimming on a black taffeta evening gown. All the braid had to do was to let its ends be caught up into loops, while the taffeta made a tight underskirt, two deep full flounces, and a snug little bodice, high necked in back and basque-pointed before and behind. An under-bodice of flesh coloured satin attracts one's attention with French blue ribbons and a veiling of white lace, and a tiny bunch of roses in several shades of pink makes up for the sombreness of a black moire ribbon girdle

If one doesn't wish to wear black this winter, it should be taupe, by all means. Here is a stately evening gown in soft taupe satin with an underskirt that clings satisfyingly to silk ankles, and a bodice that is really a straight piece of the satin, cleverly draped. At the front there is an overtunic of net weighted with a gorgeous band of steel bead trimming; the tiny sleeves of net have steel bead bands, and a girdle of the beads adds a more than mediæval splendour to the bottom of the long waist. From the shoulders hangs a wide straight panel of the satin, making the gown high-necked in back, as so many other charming gowns are this winter



TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH FRINGE,

TRIMMED WITH BEADS, OR NOT

TRIMMED AT ALL, THESE FROCKS

FROM FOX ARE ALL DISTINCTIVE

To be simple, to be slim, to be draped a bit, and slashed a bit, to save wool as becomingly as possible, and to be taupe satin wherever it isn't navy blue gabardine—such is the modest aim of this street dress with its gabardine tunic bound in black silk braid, its gabardine sleeves and turnover collar edged with baby lamb dyed taupe to match the satin underslip. The odd belt is of the gabardine with two buttons under cover of which the satin slip does an unusual and effective bit of draping. The hat that goes so willingly with this costume is of taupe velvet turned up at the back and at one side. Where it sweeps down at the other side it accumulates a smooth taupe feather

Creative Imagination

Flames High in Paris,

Say These Frocks and

Bags of Oriental Types

IMPORTED BY THURN



Jet beads, crystal beads, and a ruby bead here and there—the bag is round, the frame is of jet beads, and the handle is of crystal worked in black

We may wander into gay light chiffon ways or soft deep velvet ones, but we are sure to come back to straight black satin—even though (as in this case) we veil it with black net with embroidery in red beads and thread, with gold tinsel tracery. There is a loose hood effect which runs into a short square train; from Callot

The venerable Lao-tse would revise his opinion of women if he could see this Chinese-inspired Callot chemise with its king's blue and black satin lines all embroidered in gold threads, black silk, and seed pearls. The long-waisted bodice is outlined with a wide band of the black, lavishly embroidered, with swinging panels back and front to hang over a narrow black-hemmed skirt of king's blue in lieu of the mandarin trousers Lao-tse would have expected



A daytime bag of beige suede, at the left, makes itself altogether original by side loops giving the silhouette of Dutchman's breeches. In the evening one substitutes a bag of navy blue faille trimmed with bands of brick coloured panne velvet



Baron de Meyer

*The Parisienne Counts
Her Beads and Discovers
That Their Honourable
Name Is Indeed Legion*



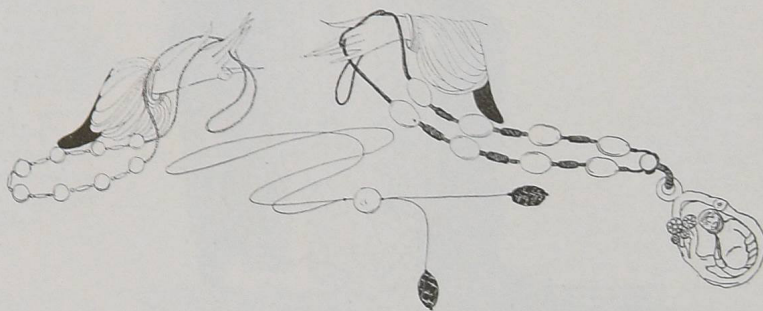
A bag which combines bead-work and embroidered faille has, by way of a new and attractive touch, beaded tassels attached to the rings at either side

"The looser the dress, the better the fit," says Paris, and Chérut went on that principle when she made this dress, which slips on conveniently over the head, and is belted very loosely at the waist. Small tassels of tan wool which have a strong tendency to turn into fringe, mark the seams of this well-tailored frock



Haron de Meyer

If ever a frock seemed predestined to drive dull care away, it is this Chérut afternoon gown of peach-stone brown chiffon trimmed with embroidered bands of wool to match. A narrow belt of grosgrain ribbon ties in a bow at the front. With this youthful frock is worn an unusual hat of black hatter's plush with a crown that rises in three puffs. The only trimming is a curled ostrich tip in shades of tan and brown at the side front



(Left) Paris is now wearing its beads on black cords. Delft blue enamelled beads are widely spaced. Centre: two ornaments of black enamelled wood end a cord clasped by a moonstone. Right: flat bits of ivory and jet beads form a chain holding an ivory ornament

Mollie O'Hara Designs Gowns

For the Three Most Important

Personages at Every Wed-

ding—the Bride, the Bride's

Mother, and the Bridesmaid

This designer knows that a bride should be just a bit of shimmering white loveliness, and so she makes a gown of the softest white French voile with a skirt of fine Limerick lace and the glints of white satin showing between its gossamer threads. Sparkling crystal beads and shining silver threads embroider the long-waisted bodice, and the neck is finished with a soft loop of the voile filled in with lace. There are more crystal beads edging the three-quarter length sleeves, and the panel of voile that turns into a train is lined with the satin. And all of this loveliness happens under a cloud of oyster white tulle that begins in a draped turban and veils even the bride's shining eyes. For the many war-time brides who prefer to wear a gown less formal than the regulation wedding-gown, the models suggested as bridesmaids' dresses are quite appropriate. Even the dress designed especially for the bride's mother is suitable for the wedding-gown of the bride marrying for the second time.



(Left) When the audience has mastered all the details of the wedding-gown and the bridesmaids' hats and the bridegroom's pallor, it is sure to turn its attention to the gown worn by the bride's mother, so it is well to be prepared with a gown as charming as this one of sage green chiffon and charmeuse in the same shade. It is made in the ever-becoming surplice style and has a slightly draped skirt dignified by an overskirt of black lace run with bronze and black silk threads. The lace-topped sleeves are a charming detail.

It's much easier to sweep down the aisle with that uplifted expression peculiar to bridesmaids, if one is certain that one's gown is as becoming as this soft affair of wood coloured chiffon and lace over pale gold charmeuse. Sheer shell coloured chiffon fills in the front, the sleeves begin as soft folds of chiffon folded over the arms, and turn into two trailing trains. The sweeping hat is of gold tissue veiled in brown chiffon and trimmed with a thick band of black burnt goose, and the striking muff is of clipped brown ostrich feathers over gold tissue.



*For the Opening of the Winter Season Thurn Contributes a
Wedding-Gown and Bendel a Costume in Blue and Lilac, Both
of Which are Unusual, Picturesque, and Very Lovely*



Of course, a hat with a feather curling over one shoulder always reminds us of Du Maurier's drawings and the Duchess of Towers—and so on, into a charming Victorian reverie. But when that hat is of old-blue tulle, trimmed with a shaded lilac ostrich plume, and when the lovely lady who wears it wears also a gown of palest lilac—the coatee of charmeuse and the double skirt of silk net over a foundation of cream lace—and when she carries a muff of old-blue marabou, mere pen and ink drawings become inadequate for such an “arrangement in blue and mauve.” What the painters like to call a “nice spot” is made by the corsage bouquet of pastel coloured silk flowers with leaves and tie ends in old-blue and royal purple moire ribbon. These same colours are used in the trimming of the sleeves just above the elbow.



This very unusual wedding-gown of white satin is made on the same medieval lines as the gown that Beatrice wore when Dante saw her walking by the Arno. Narrow bands, elaborately embroidered in silver threads, crystal beads, and seed pearls, are used as a border on the neck and sleeves. Long silver cords, finished with tassels of this same silver, crystal, and pearl combination, swing loosely from the shoulders and follow the line of the long panel train, which is lined with silver gauze and tacked to either shoulder. The veil of white tulle is shirred across the back of a little cap of narrow, tightly woven, silver ribbon and fastened at the sides with rosettes of orange blossoms. To the basque of the bodice which runs to two points over either hip with a decided curved line back and front, a slim straight skirt is tightly shirred, and the whole effect of the gown is picturesque in the extreme.

NEW YORK IS IN TOWN FOR NOVEMBER



Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness wears a hat which owes its effectiveness to the posing of the two big grey wings against their black satin background

NEW YORK, unlike its feminine population which in these war times does not hesitate to don a frock which is six months old or a hat of the vintage of the previous season, is as fastidious as a bride in what she wears. She is forever changing her clothes and goes about perpetually, as it were, with a ribbon in her hair, a decoration pinned to her breast, and a pennant in her hand. She is always welcoming some one or bidding some one *au revoir*, and as these are occasions which demand a smile, New York is always smiling. Under a sparkling autumn sun all hung with jade and yellow, New York smiles as she greets a visiting ambassador, scarcely pausing the while in her work of winding bandages, pouring coffee, building ships, and train-

The City Is Gay with Flags and Visiting Military; the Frocks Are New and Chic, Long and Draped, and of a Type Which Is Characteristically American



Mrs. William Payne Thompson's black velvet hat shows an unexpected arrangement of thin needle-like black feathers tilted blithely at the back



Picturesque canteens filled with eager-eyed recruits who would have been debutantes but for the war, spring up in New York overnight

ing men. Under a starlit sky the city smiles and beguiles a few thousand dollars more from her late faring citizens for thrift stamps, Red Cross, or Y. M. C. A. before she goes to rest, preparatory to another day of activity.

Having checked bag and baggage at the Pennsylvania or the Grand Central station, autumn has hustled into town. It is one of the loveliest times of the entire year in the city. Fresh and sparkling, cool and crisp, the days hurry by. Everything and everybody is so eminently alive. The old-time haste is upon the city, but its purpose is far different from that of the years that have passed. No longer is New York seeking pleasure only; now it is united in one great purpose that knows no counter-in-

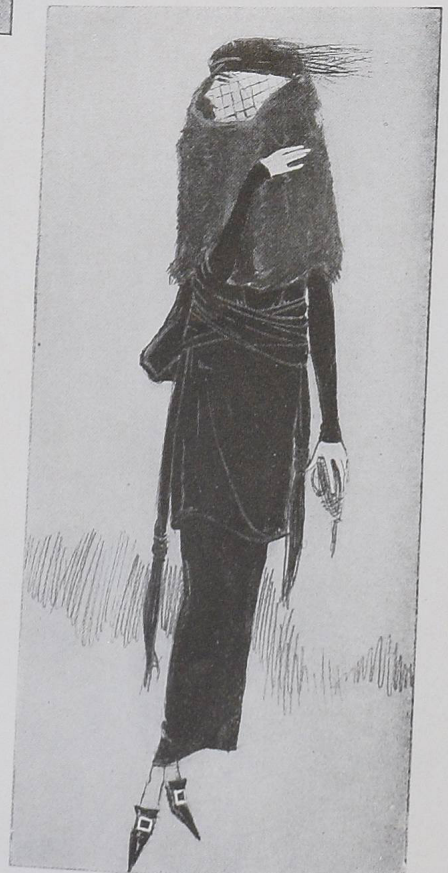


A gown seen on Fifth Avenue had two jet-embroidered panels to break its slim black satin length and was topped by a cape of black lynx



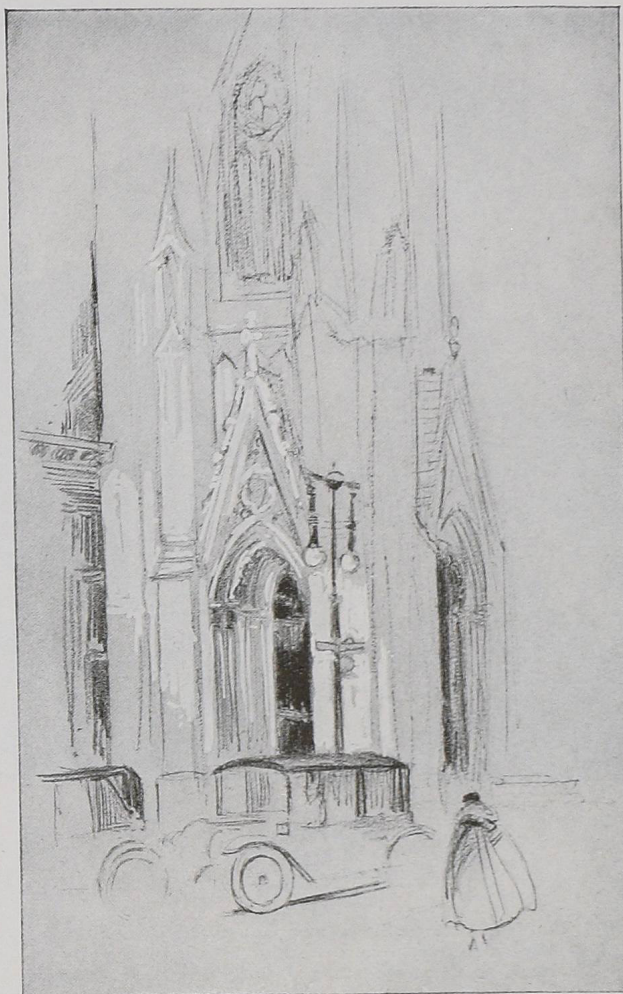
A hat of henna brown satin seen at the Ritz had a wisp of darker brown feathers and a dark brown tracery veil that gave the most delicate tints to its wearer's skin

The wearer of this black satin Russian blouse supplemented it with a small black turban with a sweep of black aigrette posed at one side





Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, is wearing an interesting black cloth gown laced with taupe chenille and bound at the edge of the tunic with taupe fox fur in accord with her scarf



Whether its doors are seen august and bare, or filled with worshippers, Saint Patrick's is one of the impressive sights of Fifth Avenue



Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt is strikingly smart in emerald green satin, banded at the bottom with silver and trimmed with bands of black satin to match her velours cape

fluence. One sees many of the customary picturesque features of the autumn. There are the usual groups of laughing girls with cheeks tinted a warm brown by summer sun and sea—the débutantes of other years, but this season the earnest novices in canteens and Red Cross work-rooms. There are the usual long-legged youngsters topping their astounded parents by an inch or two, engaged in the annual autumn occupation of acquiring new wardrobes for boarding school and academy, and improving the propitious occasion by chattering luncheons at Sherry's or at Henri's of the delectable pastry. There are the usual number, or nearly the usual number, of good-looking new gowns and hats, for while the New Yorker does not hesitate to wear a gown or hat of last season, provided it still bears the stamp of smartness, she shows no indication of slumping in her appearance. The best looking clothes of the present season have a suggestion of dignity and elegance which is in keeping with the spirit of the times. One notes this particularly on a Sunday morning on Fifth Avenue, when attractively gowned women, usually accompanied by a small son or daughter or an impressively uniformed guest, make their appearance from the houses fronting the Avenue and lining the by-ways. It is then that one sees the American woman at her best. It is undoubtedly true that the woman of this country appears at greatest advantage in her street clothes; swathed in the rich deep-toned wool stuffs of the present season supplemented by rich furs, she presents a figure at once impressive and characteristic.

A DISTINCTIVE VELOURS COSTUME

Of blue velours lined with purple satin was a distinctive gown worn by a tall slender woman who had been attending Saint Thomas's. The silhouette of her gown was very straight, tapering a bit at the feet, and her small hat of purple velours was trimmed with mauve silk appliqué flowers. It is the simplicity of line and wonderful workmanship of this type of costume which make it chic, and nowhere in the world save in America could it have been produced. It is undoubtedly true that the war has empha-



Of blue velours lined with purple satin was the gown worn by a tall slender woman whose small hat of purple velours showed mauve flowers here and there

sized something distinctly worth while in American fashions. In this country there are a number of very smartly gowned women whose clothes show but lightly the touch of Paris. Several creators of women's clothes whose work is as distinctive as that of the Paris couturiers have recently developed here. One recognizes their things at a glance, and these costumes have the advantage of being created with the needs of the American woman particularly in mind.

OF JET-EMBROIDERED SATIN

Quite apart from the prevailing French silhouette with its extremely abbreviated skirt is the silhouette presented by the wearer of the very smart black satin gown sketched on page 42. This gown has two jet-embroidered panels at the back, and its wearer topped it with a deep shaggy cape of silky black lynx which fitted rather closely about the shoulders, much after the fashion of an old-time coachman's cape. Her small hat of blue satin was bound about with old blue tulle. From Saint Patrick's Cathedral emerged the wearer of the black satin Russian blouse, also sketched on page 42. She was slender, white-haired, and possessed a figure of boyish straightness to which her costume was particularly becoming. The back of the coat bloused out a bit over the belt, and the close slim sleeves were so long that they took an outward curve at the wrist. A small black turban with a sweep of black aigrettes at one side was set straight upon her head, and a little fur cape hugged her shoulders. A heavy cross-barred veil added the final touch of chic.

THE NEW VEILS

Volumes could be written about the veil of the well-dressed American woman of to-day. Without the invariable close veil she never ventures abroad in the daylight hours. One sees scarcely three smart flowing veils—if, of course, one excepts the motor veil—during the entire season. All the possibilities of a veil are only realized by one who has experimented with various kinds and colours. It was to the veil that
(Continued on page 116)

PARIS TURNS ITS STREET
COSTUMES TO FORMAL
USES BY MEANS OF THE
WARM AND BECOMING
WAISTCOAT BLOUSE

To grow up to be a waistcoat blouse seems to be the dream of every bit of chiffon in Paris. This cream coloured wisp of sheer chic and coquetry has its waistcoat sections embroidered in silver and gold metal threads. The blouse itself stops at the waist and is held in place by a narrow belt of the chiffon, but the waistcoat sections fall over the skirt half way to the knee and go on up till they're stopped by a band of skunk fur; from the Grande Maison de Blanc of New York



WAISTCOATS and waistcoat blouses are among the newest fashions from Paris and are one more of the many charming old-fashioned modes which have been adapted to present day styles. This particular fashion was taken from the clothes worn, not by the women, but by the men of long ago, for waistcoats of varied and brilliant fabrics were the garments most delighted in by the fastidious beaux of other days. No less varied and fanciful are the waistcoats of to-day. They are made in the most delicate of chiffons, as well as in such wool materials as these war times offer. Some of them consist of a front section of metal brocade which shows only when the coat is open, and others are made like a blouse with sleeves of chiffon or crêpe de Chine and with back and front of brocade or satin. Waistcoats of this kind are worn with a suit, and when the coat is open they look much more substantial and effective than the ordinary blouse. Without the coat they make a one-piece costume of the suit, and one is not aware of any lack of harmony such as usually results from the use of any ordinary blouse and the suit skirt.



Dull yellow Georgette crêpe selects a lovely round line for its neck and repeats it at the bottom of the long draped waist. Bands of the crêpe bind all the edges; the blouse slips on over the head and fastens with one most responsible button. Sashes of crêpe tie at the back, and, if this Paquin blouse is worn with a suit of satin, velvet, or fine duvetyn, the result is all that one could possibly imagine; imported by William Hardy



If a middy blouse died and went to Paris it might turn into this delightful Premet waistcoat blouse in grey satin with a black satin collar and tie. It slips on over the head and has a straight apron of the satin which runs around to the back. The kimono sleeves and the back are of grey chiffon with cuffs of grey satin. Its twin, which is just like it, except at the neck-line, is shown on the opposite page; imported by William Hardy

One of the most talked of models in Paris is this Premet waistcoat blouse done in dull silver and grey brocade with bands of monkey fur around the edges of its short sleeves and its double peplum—such a very new thing, madame, that double peplum. In the original the collar is faced with black satin; the blouse has been copied in coloured metal brocades as well as in lovely models of chiffon and satin; imported by William Hardy

CHIFFON OR VELVET,
SATIN OR BROCADE, MAY
MAKE THAT BIT OF
SMARTNESS WHICH IS
CALLED A WAISTCOAT



(Above) Once upon a time man had the undisputed right to wear waistcoats. Now woman plans her whole becoming costume around a bit of satin in the very shape that was once buttoned under the coat of Beau Brummel himself. In the illustration above, the waistcoat consists of a back and two fronts of white satin with metal and silk threads embroidering the fronts on either side of a trim row of buttons. A narrow satin belt holds the back in its appointed place and adds a pleasant line across the front; from the Grande Maison de Blanc of New York

(Left) There are waistcoat blouses and waistcoat blouses, but few have the appeal of this one designed in a heavy white silk. One's heart would have to be proof against the skill of Chéruit to resist the tinsel thread embroidery in gold and silver. Having thus slipped into your heart, it ends, quite naturally enough, by slipping its dainty way over your head, and then it buttons conveniently half-way down the back. Worn with an afternoon costume of satin or velvet, this waistcoat is destined to become an immediate success; imported by Jaqueline



(Left) To prove that Premet has a genius for necklines is the happy fate of this "on-over-the-head" blouse. The especial triumphs here are the cordings in satin, the French buttonholes, and the black jet buttons. Another feature of this satin model is the unusual arrangement of the sides which, contrary to all expectations, insist upon running to the back and buckling together in the middle. When a garment achieves so much distinction with apparently so little effort, everybody knows that it is simply choosing its own way of telling you how agreeable it is to be French; imported by William Hardy

(Right) This slim lady had the rare good fortune to button a lovely and Bohemian rainbow about her when she fastened herself into this Chéruit waistcoat. Coarse net first furnishes the foundation, then it is cross-stitched in yellow wool over the entire surface, and finally it allows itself to be embroidered in raspberry red, old-blue, and yellow. Just to prove once more that trifles make perfection, the unique buttons are knitted in old-blue wool to match the collar and cuffs. Under a suit this waistcoat furnishes a particularly bright and pleasing autumn effect besides being warm; imported by Jaqueline



PARIS STATES *her* OPTIMISM in TERMS of CLOTHES

ONE result of the bombardment of Paris is to send us, for a mild distraction, to the historic places of the suburbs, which are dearer than ever to us now that they are left to the visits of those who really love them, instead of being overrun with tourists who are driven to them by a sense of duty and a triple star in Baedeker. Versailles is one of the places to which they used to flock in droves, and it is perhaps very selfish of me to declare that I like it far better without them. The royal park is at its best in autumn, when the woods begin to flame in yellow and crimson, when the fountains with their sleeping nymphs reflect the deep blue of the October sky, and the high box hedges, at their darkest and shiniest, enclose the gardens like a sombre girdle. Strolling along the abandoned paths, thick with fallen golden leaves, we forget the war and rest our tired nerves with the sight of beauty.

At first all seems to be unchanged in this magic place, but when we have passed the chapel and come out upon the terrace which overlooks the orangerie

"Enemy Coquettes" Have Had the Dissatisfaction of Looking Upon the Latest Paris Gowns, Knowing They Could Not Possess Them; but We May Gaze and Order

heritage of the centuries, and we find ourselves looking carefully to see if this or that cherished statue has received sufficient protection, quite as if we were personally responsible. For lack of the familiar works of art, we concern ourselves more with nature, and Versailles has so much to offer us in

the woods, the gardens, the ornamental waters set like sapphires in the green lawns, that the temporary loss of her world-famous statues can be forgiven.

Unfortunately we mortals are so constituted that even such a display of beauty does not wholly satisfy us. The gourmets can not restrain their thoughts from the marvellous menus which, in former times, they associated with the name of Versailles. There were people, even in the lavish times of peace when every one who had the price could buy what he most fancied, who thought more of certain Versailles restaurants of high reputation in culinary matters than they did of the Salle des Glaces or of all the bronzes and marbles of the park put together. They did not visit the park for the sake of the "Grands Eaux," but for certain dishes of fragrant memory, dishes that are far too extravagant of eggs, cream, butter, and such forbidden luxuries to be found on the bills of fare of these days. Before the war, the Versailles restaurants of which I speak were not only famous



White angora, that talented material that has appeared on so many new gowns, plays the part of fur more successfully than ever in this hat, collar, and muff made with an overcast stitch applied in rows



LANVIN

Here, again, is black satin—that material so dear to the Parisienne's heart. This time, in the guise of an evening gown with the new long side panels, it forms the background for strass embroidery



LANVIN

Lanvin's special manikin who shows how delightful a "jeune fille" may be, wears this hair ornament of brown tulle, brown beads, and brown fur

we look in vain for the familiar statues which adorn it. In their places are strange structures in all sorts of shapes, square, oblong, or pointed like pyramids, structures which make us realize that war has set its mark even here. These weird erections are made of scaffolding, plaster, and piles of sand-bags, and are designed to protect our divinities from air raids. All over Paris we find these queer structures which recall to our imagination the huts of savages and seem to us like the sarcophagi in which reposes all that is mortal of the monuments of Paris.

TO PROTECT THE MONUMENTS OF PARIS

In the city itself we have long been accustomed to this transformation. All the famous points of interest to which every tourist is conducted are marked at present by these veiled masterpieces. The "Horses of Marly" by Coustou, in the Champs Elysées, the "Fountain of the Innocents" by Jean Goujon, the "Marseillaise" of Rude, on the Arc de Triomphe, wear strange garb and would not be recognized by their most ardent admirers. They are the familiar landmarks for which every one looks on returning to Paris, and the city is not herself without them. Versailles, like Paris, has resolved to do her utmost to keep intact this



LANVIN

The pink of perfection becomes a fact in this gown of pink Georgette crêpe with pink embroidered roses



CHANEL

In this frock of black satin, embroidered in white angora and black beads, Paris has brought two of this winter's favourites into a happy combination



CHANEL

"Zibelinette," one of those new furs of indefinite extraction, is used on this gown of black tulle embroidered in small wood coloured beads



CHANEL

The Parisienne gives winter a confident coup d'œil, knowing that pride in her brown charmeuse costume trimmed with castor will keep her warm



CHANEL

Paris has always liked South Americans, so it has named fur like that which is used on this brown velvet coat, "Peruvienne"

for their good cooking, but also for their moderate charges; a virtue which is the rarer of the two. The cost of living has gone up one hundred and thirty per cent. in the last year, they tell me, and I can readily believe it when I regard the total of the bill for my déjeuner at one of these hostels of world-wide reputation, into which memories of the cuisine have beguiled me. I suppose the proprietor can not help it, and we should model our appetites to suit our purses. But in that case many would go hungry.

FAMOUS COOKS OF OTHER DAYS

France has always been famous for her cooking, and in those former happy times of which we still dream we used to make trips to Touraine, Brittany, and Normandy just to lunch or dine in certain places and on certain delectable dishes. French literature and memories are filled with mention of such places and of the famous cooks who ruled over them with despotic sway. Who has not heard of "Le Grand Vasili" who cooked for Alexandre Dumas père, of "La Belle Meunière," of the omelette of *La Bonne Josephine*, and the friture of *La Jolie Annette*? Such reputations are difficult to earn, however, and the possessors of them have nearly all passed into legend. The last of them died at Saint Jouins, just a few weeks ago, at the age of seventy-seven. This was "*La Belle Ernestine*," well remembered by visitors to Etretat, to whom she was a familiar figure with great dark eyes under a mass of white hair. She was always the picture of neatness; she never talked very much, but what she did say was worth hearing, and she was, above all things, extremely jealous of her reputation as a cook. Only last year, I saw her at her little place near Havre, entertain-

ing hundreds of American and Canadian officers who came daily to her door in automobiles. She looked as if she belonged to the age of stage coaches and private traveling carriage, before the modern "Palace Hotel" had been thought of, when inn-keepers thought it worth while to study the art of hospitality, and a certain house was as famous for its manner of welcoming a guest as it was for its wines or its cuisine. "*La Belle Ernestine*" has enjoyed the patronage of such celebrities as Guy de Maupassant, Albert Besnard, Emilio de Castellar, Queen Isabella of Spain, Duquesnel, Alexandre Dumas fils, Sarah Bernhardt, and many others. These famous people came to her, not only to taste her good things, but to enjoy her conversation, as well, seated beside her in the little garden of the inn. There it was that "*La Belle Ernestine*" was summoned by Queen Isabella after an especially appetizing luncheon. With a fine regard for ceremony and etiquette, she plumped herself down on a chair beside the queen, and in reply to the first remark addressed to her, answered, "*Certainement, Madame la reine.*" This has become a by-word, and her clients continued to tell the story about her, although the incident happened in 1880, when it doubtless amused the queen immensely. Alas! such inns and such cooks are becoming a thing of the past, and with them are disappearing the French culinary reputation, I fear.

A COLLECTION OF WINTER MODELS

Not satisfied with sending their models wherever fashionable women have gone in the last year, French dressmakers are showing a collection of winter models in Switzerland. Imagine what a stir this must have made in Berlin; the



JENNY

A "Capucine" brown tailleur of a heavy material called "burbura" buckles a tan leather belt across its beige angora scarf and, by way of frivolity, adds a few fancy corozo buttons to its cuffs



JENNY

A costume that starts with a black satin under-dress can do almost anything else it likes—which in this case is to add some greenish angora embroidery and an over-dress of greenish grey wool velours



JENNY

A black satin coat trimmed with broadtail is so chic and, at the same time, so comfortable looking, that one knows it must be made of the new wool-backed satin



JENNY

Rosewood coloured crêpe de Chine, embroidered in the same colour and faced with raspberry ribbon, and a belt and collar of beaver, make an afternoon costume after the Parisian heart



LUCILE

That an astute little frock may vote yes and no on the slim silhouette all in one breath of grey velvet is easily seen from the behaviour of this bit of afternoon charm. The tunic, embroidered in black, is as full as can be; but the wearer is assured of that chic mermaid look about the ankles



D'EUILLET

For coalless days, there's nothing more practical than black serge with a cheerful waistcoat in brick coloured wool, embroidered in black wool and white angora



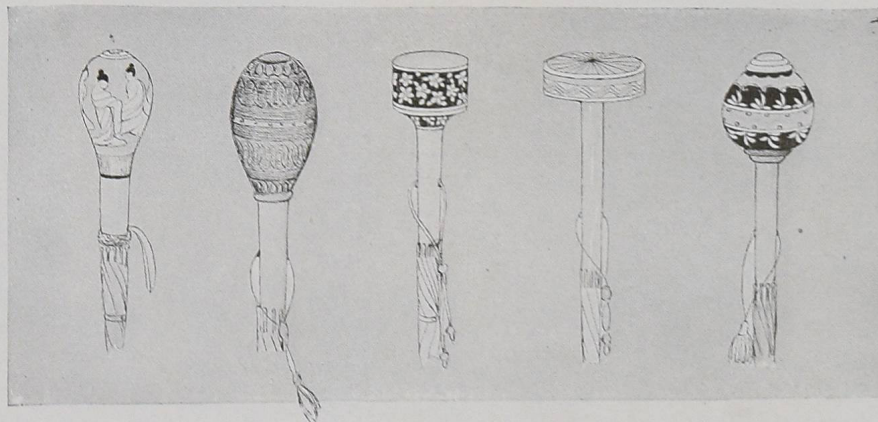
LUCILE

Designers know all about the poetry of motion, thanks to chiffon velvet and the vogue for lines of drapery that fairly melt into each other. The velvet in this case is dark green, the fur is skunk, and as for the line—it's a wonder somebody doesn't set it to music and then play it



This is the proper way for a lady to carry her umbrella. Under the wooden knob there is a broad band of beads in brown, blue, and green. The cover is of printed silk

The Baroness de Rothschild carries the umbrella at the left with its handle made from a Satsuma vase and the Rothschild crest in gold on the top. The next umbrella has a head of carved cocorut that spent most of a long life as a box for rosary beads. The third was once upon a time a Japanese napkin ring in red, blue, and pink cloisonné enamel; umbrellas on this page from Wilson



In its youth the umbrella handle second from the right was a frivolous little powder and puff box enameled in pink and gold, but it left its lovely owner to dance in Japan all by herself and became the handle for a perfectly proper brown silk umbrella. Last of all is this odd bit of cloisonné in dark blue, pink, light blue, and green that has served it's time as a fragrant Japanese incense pot

MARTIAL ET
ARMAND

belles dames sans merci of Germany and Austria haven't been able to resist going to see what Paris has created, after four years without French clothes. Any models created by Berlin dress-makers are somewhat absurd affairs which society women in Germany and Austria would never be willing to wear. They would rather wear something somewhat out of fashion which at the same time wasn't wholly lacking in style, until circumstances allow them to get copies of French models.

FRENCH COUTURIERS GO TO SWITZERLAND

It goes without saying that the models shown in Switzerland are not for sale, except to large Swiss houses; but I have seen them, and although I am a Parisian and have had my share of elegant costumes since the war, I would have been willing to commit any sin to have one of those charming dresses, and I'm sure the enemy coquettes would have mortgaged their souls for one, if they were not somewhat heavily mortgaged already, for it would be Chinese torture for a woman to see these dresses without buying them.

If one of those informal dinner dresses, beaded and short, shimmering with silk fringe, if one of those nothings that make a morning costume at the present moment—but a thoroughly Parisian nothing—had been seen and admired and desired by all the women who have been shut up and deprived of the slightest coquetry for four long years, you can imagine the depths of dark despair caused by the sight of our prettiest members wearing these lovely creations, not one of which the "enemies" could have.

Not content with being as slim as a cigarette, this wise Parisienne adds silver fox fur wherever it is possible on a long tight coat of black burella with a scarcely appreciable waist-line and with white stripes that still further increase the impression of length

Our humble friend terra cotta is doing a flourishing business this year under the name of brick colour. It makes a cloth coat trimmed with castor with the back of the bodice entirely made of the fur, and fur bands on the skirt to give the barrel silhouette

MARTIAL ET
ARMAND

MARTIAL ET ARMAND

She isn't the spirit of all the icicles, though she seems to have them dripping from her numerous eaves. She's just a slender little Parisienne amusing herself and the "permissionnaires" by adding grey and still lighter grey angora fringes to a frock of pale grey Georgette crêpe



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

You wouldn't believe the things they do in Paris nowadays. Here is a frivolous frock of light grey Georgette crêpe taking refuge behind a capable apron of grey alpaca tied, trimmed, and bound—big pockets and all—with blue alpaca just like those our grandmothers wore

THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF FURS

LET the woman who strives for distinction in dress make the most of her furs. If they are chosen wisely they add a dignity and chic to her appearance which no other portion of her costume contributes. The fashions of the moment are kind to the woman who wishes to make the most of these accessories, for they permit her to carry them in summer as well as winter, and in the evening, as well as during the day. On the beaches, at the race course, at the opera, in the theatres and restaurants, furs are always with us and, contrary to the general impression, the fur scarf which a woman carries is very useful as well as ornamental. It protects her from draughts and from sudden changes in temperature. It is not, however, with the practical, but with the decorative value of furs that we are most concerned in this article. The accompanying sketches contain suggestions as to the style of furs which should be worn by various types of women. The sketch at the upper right on this page, for instance, is a wrap especially designed for a grey-haired woman. Both its form and its colouring make it appropriate for any hour of the daytime or evening. It is made of chinchilla edged with dyed grey fox at the bottom and at the top of the high collar which fits closely round the neck and rises to the back of the hat.

A SCARF OF ERMINE

The long ermine scarf sketched on this page suggests the woman with warm brown hair, although it might be worn becomingly by other types. This scarf is extravagantly long and is all white except for the fringe of black tails at the end. Wound twice around the neck, it is suitable for afternoon wear with a black velvet dress and a black hat. In the evening it would be very lovely with white velvet or with creamy white chiffon. Such a gown is shown in the sketch, with long sleeves and a flat black hat which give the costume sufficient informality for the present times.



There are some things no debutante dare do, and one of them is this lovely wrap of chinchilla with its rim of dyed grey fox at top and bottom, just made to bring out the beauty of grey hair and an aristocratic pallor



A scarf of ermine, extravagantly long, all white except for a fringe of black tails at the end, will reconcile even the most luxurious woman to her plain war-time evening frock of creamy chiffon with its long sleeves and its flat black velvet hat



One is seldom too young and never too old to add to the picturesqueness of life by wearing a long thin stole of Hudson Bay sable wound twice around the neck and flying, loose-ended, across a cape of black velours

The woman who wears those old Victorian little hats so coldly and so serenely will need a quaint scarf of sable dripping tails over her shoulders. The muff is of moderate size with seven mystic tails caught to one side



All she needs is the clatter of hoofs on the drawbridge to make her absolutely convincing as a "moyen âge" figure from her lovely high square collar of kolinsky to the bottom of her long straight skirt. The material is sapphire blue brocaded in gold and slit on either side for ease of movement. A short square train, long trailing blue chiffon sleeve draperies, and a dull gold ornament studded with sapphires marking the base of the fur collar complete one of the loveliest of home dinner costumes



That we have made great strides forward in respect to the wonder of new fabrics is the text of a gown in "Moon Glo crêpe broché," one of the new American textiles combining dull and shining surfaces in narrow bands carefully held together with a simple brocaded rose design. It may be had in black, white, or grey, but this frock has wisely chosen black, as so many frocks do this year, and has combined it with a bodice of fish-net done in fine black jet beads over black chiffon. The tiny straight sleeves are of chiffon

One of the newest of sleeved evening gowns is made in "Fan-Ta-Si," a silk as exotic as its name, with Nile green and gold woven into its shimmering surface. The bodice is of gold lace over flesh coloured tulle, the crushed girdle is of the "Fan-Ta-Si" with a corsage of green velvet flowers showing bold gold stems. The sleeves and the bottom of the softly draped skirt are finished with a gold tinsel thread fringe set in a rhinestone band, and there is a short train lined with vivid green charmeuse

THREE ORIGINAL EVENING GOWNS FROM

ZAHRAH, A SHOP WHICH CONTINUES TO

DONATE ITS PROCEEDS TO CHARITY



Baron de Meyer

The soft brown and tan of autumn leaves are the colours of this becoming turban that clings closely to one's head in spite of autumn gales. Marguerite and Léonie made it, beginning with tobacco brown velvet that is almost completely hidden under soft shaded tightly curled ostrich flues, and ending triumphantly in two wheel-like ornaments of ostrich, tiny wings, and velvet



Paris Helps to Settle Our Winter Problems By Sending Us

a Snug Little Turban, a Chic Evening Gown, and a Versatile

and Most Becoming Frock That Can Be Worn at Any Hour

MODELS IMPORTED BY MACVEADY

Ever so many French rules for evening gowns have been followed punctiliously by this Martial et Armand frock of navy blue silk. It has a straight severe neckline, excessively short severe sleeves, a skirt front of three frivolous ruffles that pose as the demurest of aprons, and the smartest possible trimming of cords and tassels of embroidery floss. The little brown fur turban from Lucie Hamar has caught the Christmas spirit early, for under the brown chiffon that veils its brim are many tiny Christmas tree balls in vivid red, green, blue, and silver

It's a versatile frock, as frocks must be in war time, for Agnes has made it equally suitable for afternoon or evening. The black charmeuse skirt takes care of one's afternoon needs, and the bodice—that chic long-waisted affair of flesh coloured chiffon resplendent with black silk and gold and silver threads—is fully equal to the requirements of almost any evening. But that isn't all—the necklace of gold and silver threads mingled with black jet and ending in a big medallion and three oriental tassels all belong to this most attractive costume

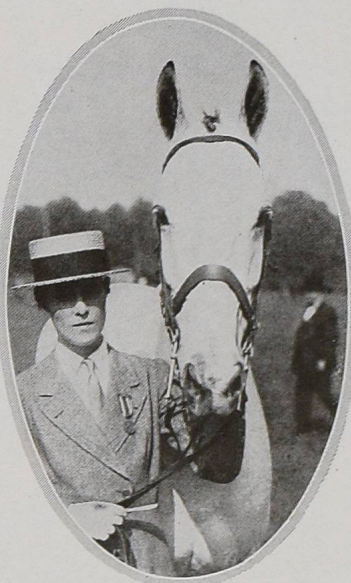




Bachrach Studio

LIEUTENANT AND MRS. GURNEE MUNN AND MASTER GURNEE MUNN, JUNIOR

Mrs. Gurnee Munn, who was Miss Marie L. Wanamaker, is the daughter of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker. Mrs. Munn makes her home in Washington but is a frequent visitor in New York and in Palm Beach. She is interested in outdoor sports and seldom misses a racing meet of note. Lieutenant Gurnee Munn is at present attached to the American Embassy in Paris



Mrs. Charles A. Munn, a most enthusiastic sportswoman, was photographed at the Bryn Mawr Horse Show where she had several successful entries



Major and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge were interested spectators, for Mrs. Strawbridge was executive chairman of the Committee. The proceeds were donated to the British-American War Relief Fund and to the Bryn Mawr Hospital

(Right) Miss Anne Ashton, daughter of Dr. Thomas G. Ashton, and Miss Anita Strawbridge, daughter of Major Robert E. Strawbridge, admired a pony raffled for the British-American War Relief. With them are Colonel Lyman and Colonel Pokenham of the British Army



Mrs. A. J. Antelo Devereux, who sold toys, looked particularly well in her sports costume. She is here shown successfully practicing her salesmanship on Major MacDougal of the Canadian Army

THE BRYN MAWR HORSE

SHOW DRAWS MILITARY

RIDERS AND BIG CROWDS



Six Photographs from © International Film Service

Mrs. Robert K. Cassatt wore a white suit and a black velvet hat. With her were her two sons, Tony and Alexander, who were intensely interested in the horses



Between events, Mrs. Robert L. Montgomery and Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve were seen walking with General Claudon of the French Army whose countrymen won many of the events against keen competition



This is the poster that George Wright made for the Children's Fair at the home of Frederic Dorr Steele, at Westport, Connecticut

CHILDREN'S FAIR RED CROSS

SATURDAY
AFTERNOON
AUG 31ST

RESIDENCE OF
F. D. STEELE
WESTPORT

YOU'RE NEVER *too* YOUNG to HELP the RED CROSS



Children's Fair

for the +
Saturday Afternoon, August 31
at F. D. Steele's, Saugatuck



"Everybody works for the Red Cross" is the truthful message conveyed by the small dog at the bottom of Frederic Dorr Steele's poster

DO you remember the time when you were eight, or ten, or even twelve, when for the first (and only) time you felt a full and complete understanding of ever so many deep and mysterious subjects such as love and marriage and religion, but when nobody paid any attention at all to your views? Do you remember how crushed you felt when people smiled at your first love affair and chuckled when you decided to be a missionary or another Carrie Nation? Didn't you have moments of wishing for a sympathetic world managed by children without any stupid grown-ups in the way? It was a very tragic epoch, at times, but think how much worse it would have been if a war had been going on—a horrible, unfair, gory war in which ever so many helpless people were being killed and starved and injured by a wicked nation—and nobody even asked your advice or consulted you in any way whatever. Wouldn't you have done something to help put a stop to it, you and your best friends? Of course you would, and that's what the children of Westport, Connecticut, did,—thirty-five of them.

THE CHILDREN BEHIND THE BENEFIT

They were the children of artists and writers and a few poor little rich girls, and all summer long they met once a week and knitted and made piles of those picture scrap-books which are so invaluable for diverting convalescent soldiers, and any number of fancy articles. Be-

A Red Cross Benefit, Gotten Up By
Children and Advertised by the
Posters of Six Well-known Artists



CHILDREN'S FAIR



SATURDAY P.M. AUG. 31-
RESIDENCE OF

Frederic Dorr Steele
Saugatuck

Karl Anderson painted this persuasive invitation to come to the children's Red Cross benefit

sides this, they prepared a puppet theatre and lots and lots of grab bag wonders for the fair that was to help end the war.

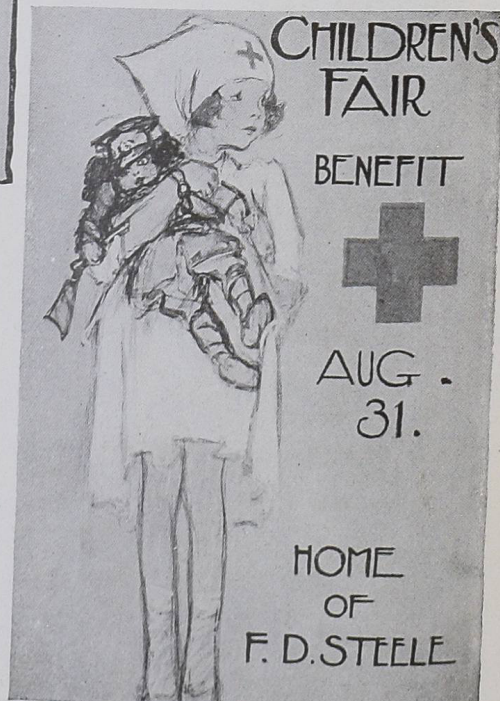
By a lucky chance, it happened that in the very same town there were seven artists that stupid people would call "grown-ups" who were really young enough to understand all about it and want to help. One of them was Frederic Dorr Steele (whose illustrations, as of course you know, have helped you enjoy so many stories), and exactly one week before the fair was to be held he had an inspiration. He called up the other six artists and asked every one of them to paint a poster—a big gaily coloured poster that would tell the people in the town just when and where the fair was going to be. He asked them to have the posters done that afternoon, for when one is really very young, a whole day is a long time in which one may accomplish a great deal. We are afraid the artists (who were used to being treated as grown-ups, you know) were a little surprised,

but every one of them delivered a poster before nightfall. They were big posters, too. Not one was smaller than two by three feet.

The artists were Henry Raleigh, George Wright, Karl Anderson, Ernest Fuehr, Alonzo Kimball, Angus McDonald, and Frederick Steele himself. We are sorry that we can't show all the posters, for they were all good, but we have only room to print the four that would reproduce best.

Of course, the fair was a success. Counting in the money that Vogue paid for the privilege of printing these posters, it earned two hundred and three whole dollars for the Red Cross, and besides this there were all the knitted things and the scrap-books for the soldiers that had been made during the summer. It was done, every bit of it, by children—and it was more satisfaction than four thousand ice-cream cones or ten thousand lollipops.

Christmas is coming very soon, and it is the best time of the whole year for bazaars—and especially for children's bazaars. So, if you're young enough, why don't you have one in your town and give the proceeds to the Red Cross? It will help people with their Christmas shopping, but more than that, it will give you a little part in the great war that is the only thing in the world that matters to-day.



CHILDREN'S FAIR

BENEFIT



AUG. 31.

HOME
OF
F. D. STEELE

Henry Raleigh's poster showed one of the young women who had worked so long to help end the war

THE ART WAR RELIEF

The Art War Relief is making up Christmas boxes for refugee children. If you will get together boxes or packages of warm serviceable clothing, either new, made over, or old, for children, and send these packages to the Art War Relief, they will be forwarded to the children of our Allies.

This organization also needs for its work donations of clothing of all kinds, materials, shoes, kid gloves, and leather for making soldier's waistcoats, stockings made into thrift shirts (patterns sent on request), artist's materials for the Y. M. C. A., old silver, and jewellery.

The Art War Relief, at 661 Fifth Avenue, is supported by voluntary contributions, by monthly donations from art organizations, and by penny boxes placed in art societies, art schools, in the Knoedler and the Gorham Galleries, and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Brooklyn Museum. It calls for the cooperation of every artist.



© Underwood & Underwood



Copies of this bronze Victory medallion designed by Paulanship are sold at ten dollars each for the benefit of artists in need

These are the officers and the executive committee of the Art War Relief. Reading from left to right, in the front row: Mrs. Daniel Chester French, Miss Mary Hoffman, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, Miss Maud M. Mason, Mrs. Ernest Peixoto, Miss Elizabeth Hunter. In the back row, reading from left to right: Miss Cecelia Beaux, Mrs. François M. L. Tonetti, Miss Constance Curtis, Miss Malvina Hoffman, Mrs. Herbert Adams, Mrs. John W. Alexander, Mrs. James Rogerson, Mrs. Charles C. Curran, Mrs. Henry Mollet, Miss Olive P. Black

THE expressman brought a big box from Texas into the Art War Relief rooms, at 661 Fifth Avenue, the other day. In one corner of its wrapping paper was marked, "For the Children of the Allies," and the workers grew wildly enthusiastic as they unpacked its contents of warm clothing, made from material already used. There were little hoods and capes made from old baby blankets, patchwork baby quilts made of odd squares of gingham and calico; there were coats, and socks, and petticoats, and dresses, and they were all "made overs" and all warm and pretty and practical.

Packing Christmas boxes for the children in the devastated regions of France is the work in which the Art War Relief is specializing at this particular moment, but the list of their war relief activities is long and varied. It seems very natural that artists and art students should be working for France, for there is hardly an artist living who would not be glad to repay in some way, however small, "the debt we owe to France"—a debt which, in the case of an artist,

usually includes some of the happiest and most stimulating hours of his life.

As war relief work is most effective when done as a body, instead of by scattered individual effort, no matter how enthusiastic, the Art War Relief was organized in December, 1917, by Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, in order that various

local and national art organizations, as well as individual artists, artisans, and others interested in art work, might have a chance to work efficiently. Mrs. Hitchcock, as chairman, has been assisted by Miss Maud M. Mason, as corresponding secretary, and by other able officers and committees. The Art War Relief is incorporated with the American Red Cross Society as Auxiliary 282 of the New York County Chapter of the national organization.

One of the important works of the Art War Relief is the painting of landscape targets for use in instruction in training camps. The first landscape target used by our new National Army was made by Captain Robert Aitken, Machine Gun Company, 306th Infantry at Camp Upton.

Captain Aitken had seen the lithographs used in the British Army and, finding that these targets were of great importance to training men to visualize objects in the open, he tried to procure some from Washington—without success. Miss E. Mabel Clark, Miss Florence Waterbury, and Mr. E. M. Ashe, the illustrator, painted some of the first targets, which were 5 x 12 feet. Mrs. Hitchcock soon afterward appointed Mrs. Magonigle chairman of the Painters' Committee, and the target painting was put in the charge of this committee. Since then, by the expenditure of a few hundred dollars and a great deal of energy, there have been sent, up to September 15th, to twenty-five cantonments and three New York Guard Armories, three hundred and ten landscape targets. This has been accomplished with the cooperation of the Van Meer Studios and the Salmagundi Club who formed a War Service Committee to paint these targets, and they have to date sent away through the Art Relief, sixty-nine canvases. This Painters' committee of the Art War Relief has been tremendously helped by the invaluable and untiring assistance of Mr. H. Bolton Jones and Mr. Harry L. Hoffman.

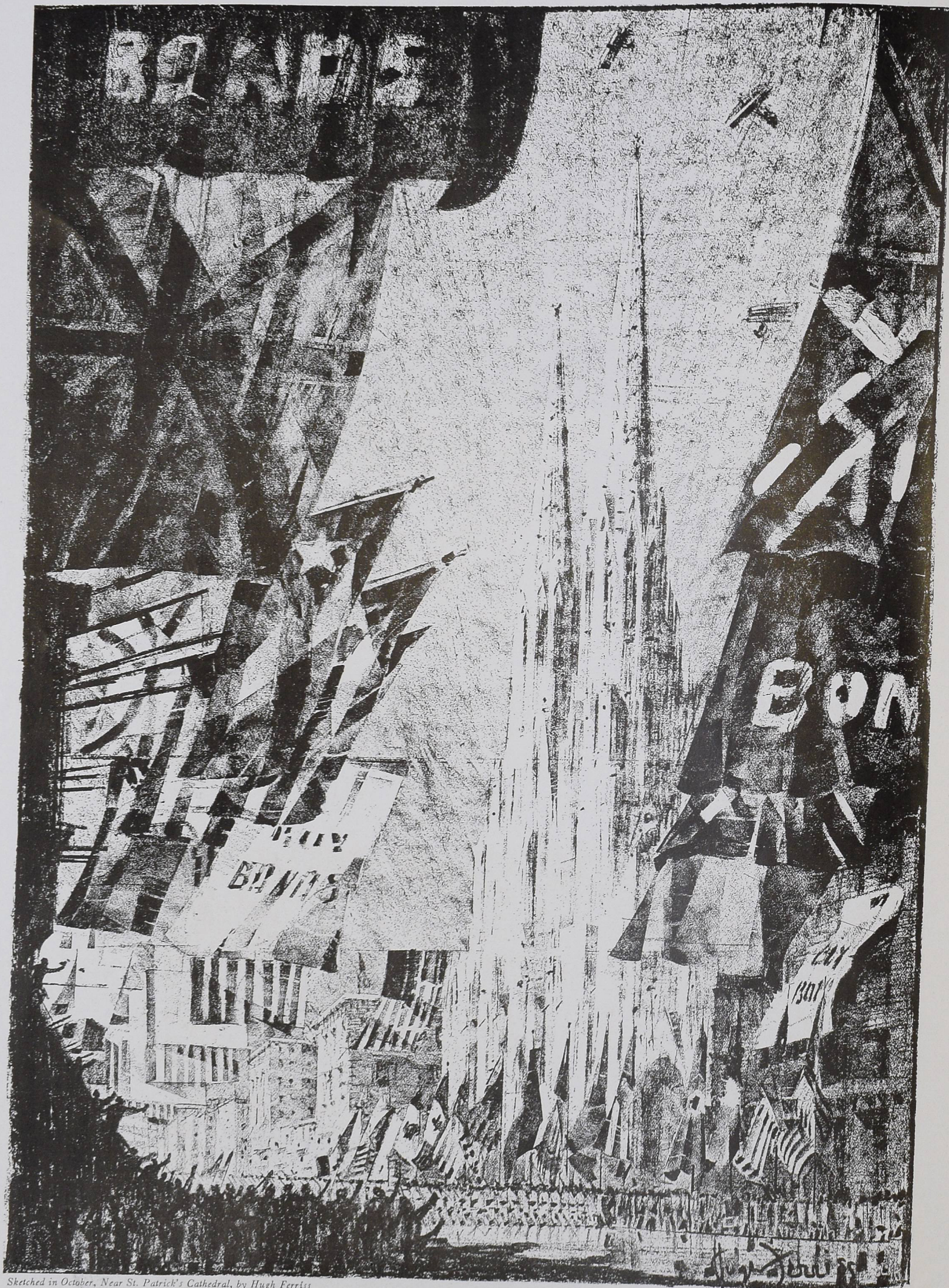
This work has not only given the painters a chance to contribute their patriotic service, but it has also helped the officers of the Army in establishing a method of training which is, according to military authorities, of the greatest importance. The Historical Department of the War College at Washington has taken an interest in this work and has procured many of the targets for their permanent records.

These landscape targets, which are used for classroom instruction only, serve many and varied purposes, such as for teaching men to

(Continued on page 90)

Three hundred and ten of these targets painted to represent French landscapes, and measuring 5 x 12 feet, have been done by the members of the Art War Relief and are now in use in the various camps in this country





Sketched in October, Near St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Hugh Ferriss

The Avenue of the Allies

Fifth Avenue Has Been a Blaze of Flags and Banners in Honor of the Fourth Liberty Loan

The First Night Flight

Lieut. Mouchard's Great Sacrifice Proved That Nocturnal Raids Were Possible

By LIEUT. HENRI FARRÉ

IT was in March, 1915. Since the outbreak of war I had been stationed, with my escadrille of Voisin bombing machines, near Chalons. The weather had now become rainy. Curiously enough, whenever it rained in Champagne during the day, the skies were clear at night. René Mouchard, one of the first of the French military pilots, was desperate.

"Don't you think it's a shame to have such bad weather by day, and such fine nights?" he asked me. "I'm going to try to fly by night. I'll try it this very evening. Some moonlight, believe me! It's only the landing that bothers me." Then, as the idea struck him, he exclaimed, "Three flares on the ground ought to give enough light to land by."

Half an hour later, we had arranged the three flares he desired. Mouchard was ready to make the first night flight ever attempted. He got quickly into his 140 h. p. Voisin; the motor was working smoothly, and suddenly he flew away into the darkness of the night. Presently I lost sight of him, and heard nothing but the whirr of his motor above me. Fifteen minutes later he landed easily beside the flares.

"It's marvelous, my boy!" he exclaimed, with delight. "Not a breath of air up there! It's ideal to fly at this hour of the night, and the visibility is fairly good. At first there is nothing to see, but soon the eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness. One can easily see the roads,—there is such a strong moonlight. Tomorrow I'll tell the commandant all about it, and on the first good night, I'll bombard the boches."

We returned to our quarters at the Chateau de Melette. Here we found considerable excitement. Those who had gone to bed had gotten up at the sound of a motor overhead.

"Say, Mouchard," asked De la Morlaix, "did you see that plane that was flying above us?"

"I guess I did. I was in it!"

"Wonderful! extraordinary! I congratulate you. How was it?"

"Night is the ideal time for a bombardment. If this clear weather lasts those boche cantonments are going to get theirs from me, and they won't be expecting me either."

Enthusiasm was at its height; everybody wanted to follow Mouchard's example.

This was the birth of night bombing, an enterprise which was to be characterized by so many heroic acts.

THE next day, at roll call, Commandant de Goys, who was in command of the three escadrilles of which we were

THE following incident from the pen of Henri Farré, the French aviator and painter, is a significant document in that it gives us an account of the first night bombing expedition in modern aerial warfare. The facts, names, places and figures are, in every instance, historically accurate. It is from the air attack of which Lieutenant Farré speaks in this article that all night attacks must trace their origin. M. Farré, at the time mentioned in the narrative, was Lieutenant in the First Escadrille, V.B., 101, stationed in France near Chalons, about thirty miles from Rheims. The present narrative, in a slightly extended form, will make one of the chapters of a book entitled "The History of the Sky Fighters of France," by Lieutenant Farré, which will shortly appear, in this country, illustrated with many of the author's paintings.

one, sent for Mouchard. "Well, Mouchard," he said, "I hear you gave a night exhibition, last night. I heard you. I wondered who was the fool to commit such an eccentricity."

"It was I, my commandant; and I have the honor of asking you to allow me to repeat it officially."

"No? You don't really mean that?"

"Certainly, my commandant; and by taking certain precautions, I can assure you that we can do a lot of night bombing."

"Come and see me this afternoon," said the commandant, "and we'll consider plans for to-night. There will be a good moon and let us hope we'll have clear weather."

Early that evening, Joé de Clerck, another officer of our escadrille, asked Mouchard if he was really going up that night.

"Yes," answered Mouchard, "if this good weather lasts."

"Would you mind if I take a try at it before you do—just a little trial flight?"

"Of course not. Do so, by all means!"

After dinner I joined Mouchard. The commandant was waiting for us. He said: "Well,

Mouchard, is everything all right? The weather seems favorable."

"Wonderful, my commandant, one can almost read a newspaper by the light of the moon—it is so strong."

"Good—go to the aerodrome and get everything ready to start in half an hour."

We went out; the moon was indeed superb. There was not a breath of air. The weather was very mild for the end of March. On arriving at the tents of our escadrille (we had no hangars in those days), we found that searchlights had been placed so as to light up the field and its surroundings, in order that Mouchard could see the landscape, and so guide his operations. De Clerck, with de Boisdefre, as an observer, had already started on his flight, and soon after the commandant arrived, De Clerck landed. Going hastily up to Mouchard, he whispered, "The weather is changing up there. The air is condensing. It may soon change to snow. Do be careful."

"All right, old boy," replied Mouchard.

"Ready, Mouchard?" asked Commandant de Goys.

"Yes, my commandant."

Timidly, I asked: "Won't you take me along?"

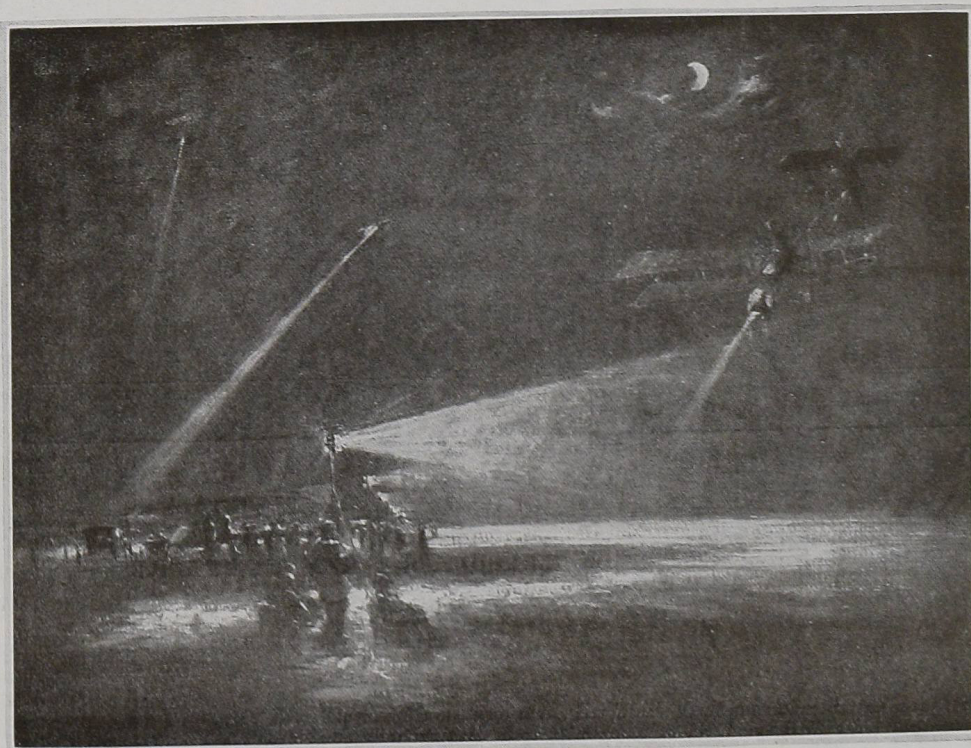
"No, Farré; you are crazy," and he went into his tent, which he used as an office. "Maillard," he called.

Maillard was his sergeant observer.

"Put on your suit; you are going up with me."

"All right, lieutenant," answered Maillard without hesitation.

Mouchard, who was only twenty-five years old, was so loved and admired by his men that every one of them would have gladly given up their lives for him.



Bombardment machines of the Voisin type, returning after a night bombardment, and, landing on the aviation field at Chalons, after Lieutenant Mouchard had shown the possibility of nocturnal enterprises.—From the painting by Lieutenant Henri Farré

IT was now nine o'clock. Mouchard climbed, with Maillard, in his machine; the motor was rumbling regularly enough. Each explosion of the engine threw out sparks which snapped in the obscurity of the night. Here was an infernal machine,—as much by its noise as in its aspect.

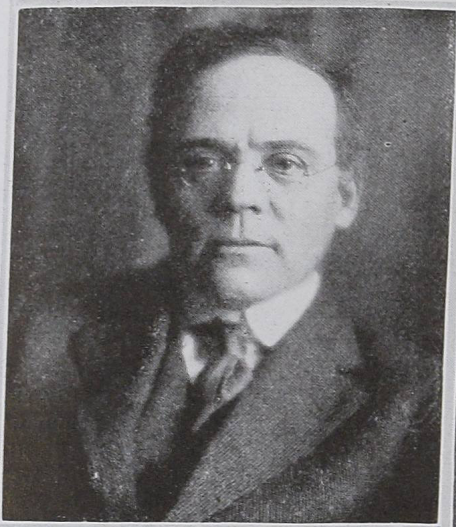
Mouchard opened wide the throttle. The mechanic took away the blocks before the wheels, and the plane started gradually off into the night, rolling from the ground at a rate of forty kilometers an hour. Soon it disappeared from sight.

The noise of the motor alone now indicated its position. A pocket light which Mouchard flashed, from time to time, enabled us occasionally to get his exact position.

During the prepara-

(Continued on page 86)

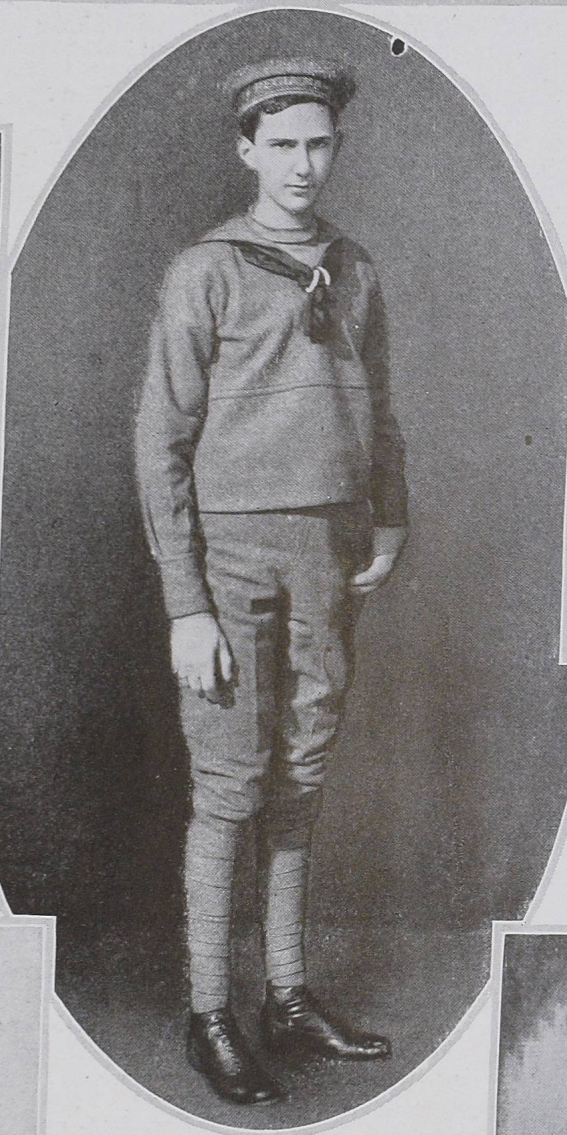
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



EUGENE HUTCHINSON

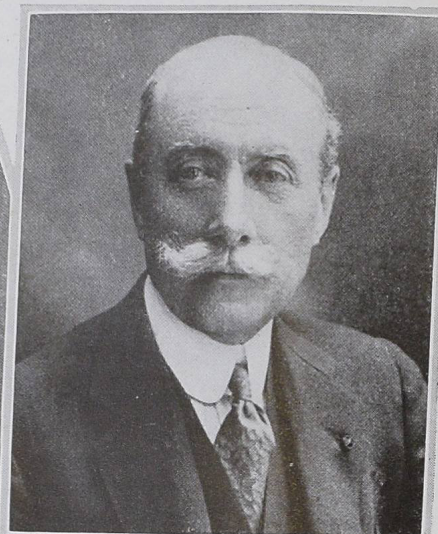
EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Because he is a Chicago lawyer of high attainments; because there is hope of his becoming a New Yorker; because he is the author of "Spoon River Anthology"; because he is the most unassuming of men; but chiefly because, rightly or wrongly, he is known as the inventor of so-called free verse in America



UMBERTO, OF PIEDMONT

Because, at the age of fourteen, he is the most popular young prince in Europe; because he is a student and linguist of high attainments; because, like his father, the King of Italy, he is happiest when at the front; but chiefly because he is bound—by reason of his character, scholarship and honesty—to become a dominant factor in the politics of Europe



CH. BLANPÉD

ANDRÉ CHARLES MESSAGER

Because he is a French composer of high rank and the author of a dozen operas; because he has been the artistic director at Covent Garden, and was appointed first conductor of the Paris Opera, but chiefly because he has come to America to conduct the special tour of the Symphony Orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire



PAUL THOMPSON

FLOYD GIBBONS

Because he is an excellent speaker and a brilliant writer; because he escaped the Hun pirates who torpedoed the Laconia; because he followed with the marines into Chateau Thierry; but chiefly because, in line of his duty as war correspondent there, he was wounded, and won the Croix de Guerre



MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT

CAPTAIN EDWARD KNOBLOCK

Because, though a British subject, he is an American by birth; because he is an author and playwright of the first rank; because his best play is soon to be seen here, but chiefly because, in two years of active service, he has attained both popularity and distinction as an officer in the British army



Robert W. Chanler's mural decoration, "The Landing of Columbus," now in place, in the Naval Training Station at Pelham Bay

The Drunkard's Child

A Characteristic Example of the New Tabloid Drama

By CAMI

A Room in a Tenement House. A Poor Mother. A Good Little Child.

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD (*alone*)

After having worked without a pause, all week long, my poor and unhappy mother has gone to deliver seven thousand dress shields to a wholesale cloak and suit emporium. In the meanwhile my unworthy father is drinking himself into insensibility in the corner saloon.

THE POOR MOTHER (*entering*)

Here I am, back again, my dear little child. And see! I have subtracted a few cents from my meagre salary in order to buy you this modest toy.

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD (*taking the toy*)

Oh! It is a Noah's Ark, with a little Noah, and a little Noah's wife, some little sheep decked out with pink ribbons, and some little green trees mounted on round wooden platforms.

THE POOR MOTHER

To-day, being Saturday, your unworthy father will shortly come in here, and treat us to a scene of drunken fury. I feel that blows are going to rain in this unhappy home.

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD

Oh! If I were only seven or eight years old, Mother, you would see how quickly I would free you from the man who so sorely tortures you. I have read in the papers, with which you wrap up your work, of the heroic exploits performed by those good children who blow out their father's brains in order to protect their mothers, or who stab their mothers in order to deliver their fathers. The example of these little agents of Providence haunts me day and night. But, alas! I am only six and a half: a revolver would, I fear, be too heavy a weapon for my frail and childish hands.

THE POOR MOTHER

Sweet Baby! Let us resign ourselves. Let us endure, without complaining, the invectives

and blows of your unworthy father. Retire to your bed. I am going into the next room to sew dress shields all night long. (*She goes into the next room.*)

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD (*alone*)

I hear uncertain footsteps mounting the stairs. They are those of my unworthy father. He will wish, as usual, to penetrate into the room where my mother is working, in order that he can hit her over the head with the poker. Oh, this has all gone on too long. I



CAMI

This newest of the French humorists is a native of Pau, where he was born in 1884. He began his career as an actor, but, in 1909, decided to devote himself entirely to literature. He founded "Le Petit Corbillard Illustré", which, roughly rendered, is "The Undertaker's Illustrated News". At present, however, like every Frenchman, Cami is a soldier. He has written several novels and plays, but is chiefly known for his humorous writings, "L'Homme à la Tête d'Épingle", "Pour Lire sous la Douche", etc. He has just completed an operetta entitled "Le fils des Trois Mousquetaires", which is soon to be played by Albert Brasseur at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. "The Drunkard's Child" is one of the tabloid dramas included in "L'Homme à la Tête d'Épingle", and is reprinted here by permission of Cami and of Ernest Flammarion, his publisher. Cami's peculiar form of humor has found some imitators, but none who can even approximate the model in originality or style

must defend and protect my good and most unhappy mother.

THE UNWORTHY FATHER (*staggering drunkenly as he enters the room*)

Where is your mother?

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD

My mother sits in the next room earning our daily bread. (*The unworthy father turns toward the room where his wife is working. The good little child stops him with his outstretched arms.*) No, unworthy father, you shall not pass!

THE UNWORTHY FATHER

I shall not pass? Insect!

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD

No! Beat me, since you are a bad and unworthy father, but you shall not brutalize my unhappy mother.

THE UNWORTHY FATHER (*beating his son*)

Take that! and that! and that! (*Catching sight of the Noah's ark.*) Sheep? Sheep in my home? I'll fix your sheep! (*He stamps on the Noah's ark.*)

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD (*tears in his eyes*)

My poor Noah's ark! (*Aside, and happily.*) Oh, Joy! My unworthy father, exhausted by stamping on my Noah's ark, has stretched out on the bed by the open window. See! He is already asleep, deep in his soulless and brutal slumber. My mother will not be beaten tonight. Oh, when shall I light on the scheme which will finally deliver her? When? Let me concentrate.

THE UNWORTHY FATHER (*talking in his sleep*)

Sheep in my home?—Sheep?

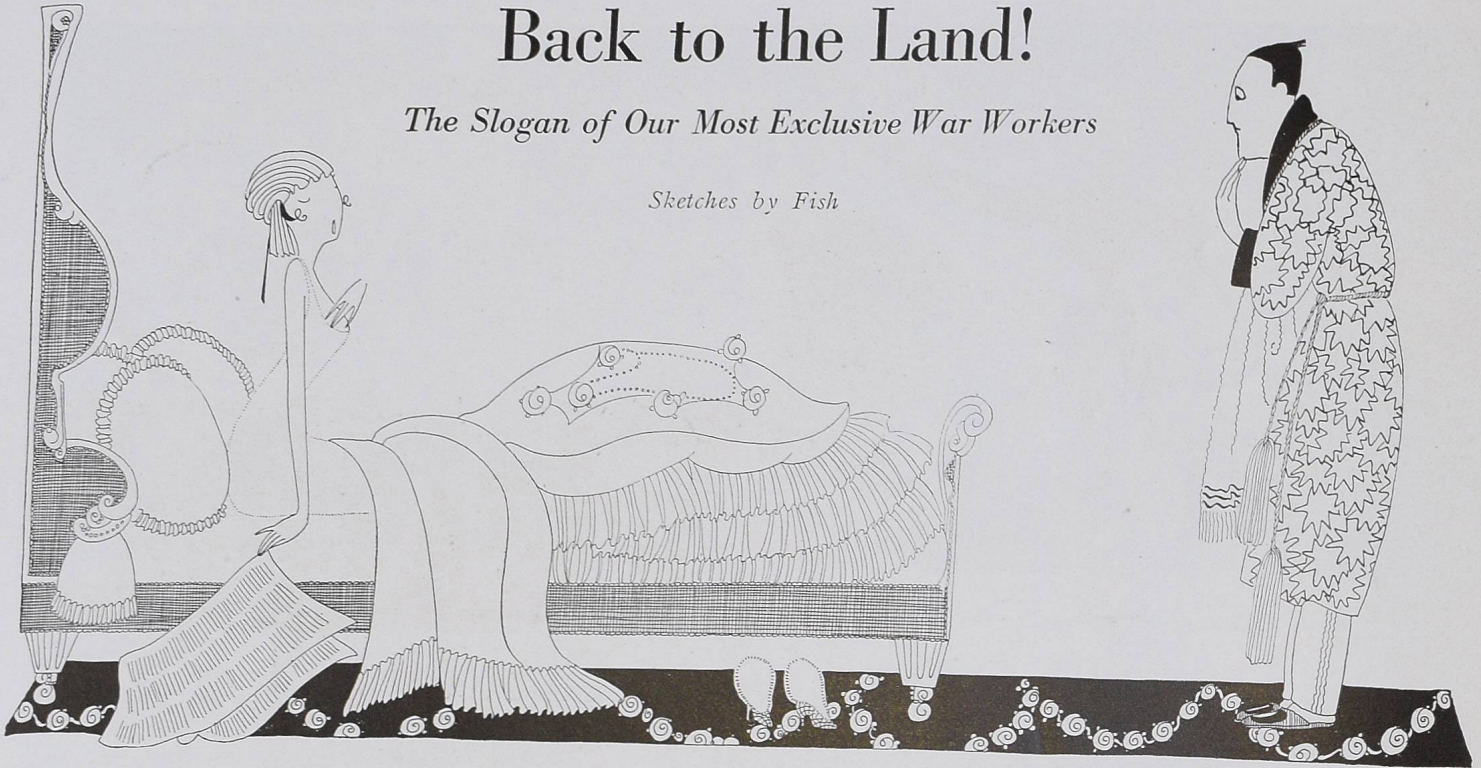
THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD

My unworthy father still sleeps. The terrible storm which has just broken loose has not awakened him. The thunder growls formidably and my poor mother (*Continued on page 83*)

Back to the Land!

The Slogan of Our Most Exclusive War Workers

Sketches by Fish



Mrs. Vincent de Puyster is here shown declaring her valiant intention to enlist in the Women's Land Army. For weeks, she had seen, in every paper, photographs of those simply too adorable uniforms the female farmers wear, and she simply couldn't stand it any longer—she would have felt just like a slacker if she had stayed out of uniform another day. Of course, it's a little late in the season to go back to the farm, but that couldn't dampen her patriotic ardor. She announces that she will take up farming in the South. Her husband's only regret is that he has but one wife to give to his country.



This heart-rending farewell-to-mother scene shows Mrs. de Puyster just before she goes into active service. Her mother, sisters, and husband—all the dear ones she must leave behind—have followed her to the scene of activities, but cannot go with her into the very thick of the fray. Her maternal parent is shown draped over the patient arms of the bereaved husband; she bore up long enough to give her daughter her blessing and to help the darling girl on her rake, but after that she swooned away. There is nothing for the heart-broken family to do but to hang out the service flag—on which Mrs. de Puyster plays the star part—and to count the weary hours 'til her return.



Charming little pastoral scene entitled, "Morning on the Farm." Mrs. de Puyster is portrayed just as she enters upon the most serious part of her arduous duties as a patriotic tiller of the soil—being interviewed by the society reporters. The evening papers will be full of accounts of "My Four Hours on the Farm": Society Leader Gives Startling Account of Her Own Experiences as a Farm Worker"—profusely illustrated with delightfully appropriate pictures of Mrs. de Puyster in evening dress, wearing the conventional tiara.

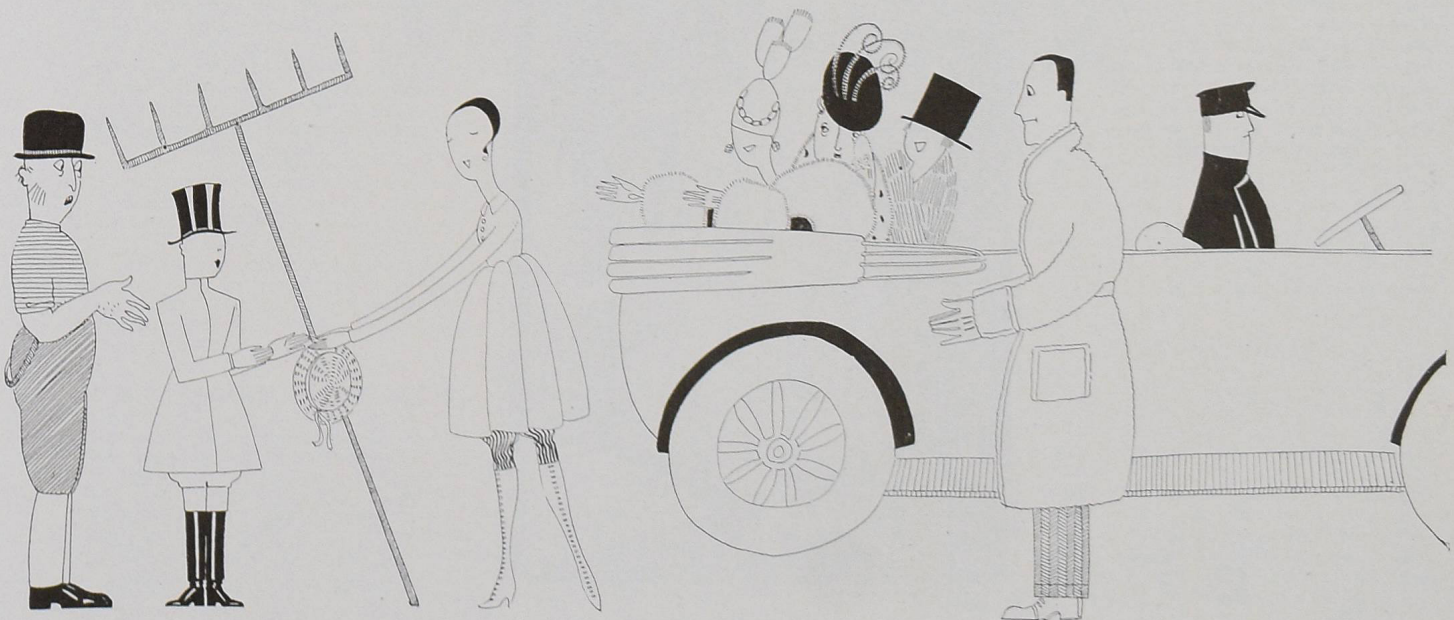
The afternoon's labors are even more strenuous than those of the morning,—this back-to-nature stuff is simply too fatiguing for words. It eventually *must* drive one back to the restful quiet of the city. The photographers arrive in the afternoon, so that the papers may have photographs of Mrs. de Puyster, in action in her own war garden, to put on the first page next to the shaded-area map of the Allies' gains for the day. For long and weary hours, she unflinchingly faces the camera men, fearlessly posing for them in the midst of No Man's Land—as the Women's War Farm is appropriately named



Before she can call it a day, Mrs. de Puyster really must have her portrait painted by Picasso Brancusi, the open-air impressionist. Every truly patriotic woman must have her portrait in uniform, to show what she did during the war. The artist is a rapid worker, finishing the impression of her in seven minutes, including the signature. Of course, to the uncultured, the finished canvas looks rather like a study of Brooklyn Bridge in a heavy fog, but her own little group of serious patrons of the new art will all be sure to consider it a speaking likeness—that is, after they have been told who the sitter is



And this is the end of a strenuous day. Her eight-hour day on the farm concluded Mrs. de Puyster returns to her overjoyed family, whose prayers have kept her safe through the hardships of war. It has been terribly trying, of course, but Mrs. de Puyster feels that it was worth it, when she considers how she has helped to win the war. She will take an indefinite furlough, lasting from now on,—feeling that she is suffering from soil-shock





(Left) Beatrice Beckley is always playing these old-fashioned wives. Last season it was "Why Marry?"; this year it's "An Ideal Husband," that best of the brilliant plays of Oscar Wilde. Miss Beckley makes a most lovely Lady Chiltern, who adores her sham of a husband



Charlotte Fairchild

Tavie Belge has some charming songs to sing in "Fiddlers Three," and she sings them charmingly. Alexander Johnston has woven his music around the fortunes of three violin makers who compete in the annual contest at Cremona, and the piece marks a return to the "opera comique" from which our present musical comedy descends

Baron de Meyer



Charlotte Fairchild

Elizabeth Risdon, seen last year in "Seven Days' Leave," has come back to us again, this time with Otis Skinner in "Humpty Dumpty," that bit of blithe fooling by Horace Annesley Vachell, wherein a barber wins the House of Lords and loses it again to the joy of everybody concerned, including his once-despised friend, Crissie



Moffett

Ada Meade as Georgette Breval, a pretty French actress, by adopting a dashing officer as her "godson," that pleasant French war-time custom, precipitates all the complications with which Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse have embroidered the music of Ivan Caryll in "The Girl Behind the Gun," a delightful musical comedy of life in Paris

IT has frequently been figured out by calculating managers that at least nine-tenths of the drawing power of a new play must be derived from the momentary interest of its subject-matter. The average citizen knows little and cares less about the technique of the drama. He desires, first of all, an engaging story that shall present a group of interesting characters and shall deal if possible with some topic that he has already turned over in his own mind. The average person, when he attends the theatre, likes to be reminded that he knows what he knows. The public mind is journalistic; and timeliness of topic offers, therefore, the quickest avenue to immediate success in the theatre. This, of course, is the reason why we are now besieged by at least a dozen war-plays and why the tricky German spy has become, for the moment, the predominant figure on our stage.

POPULARITY VERSUS LONGEVITY

But criticism is required to transfer its basis to another point of view when the problem of longevity is brought up for consideration. Timeliness of topic is helpful toward immediate success, but it is likewise harmful in those after years when what are called "revivals" are projected. No play, in the entire history of the theatre, has ever succeeded in outliving its own period except by virtue of some manifest merit of technique. After a dramatist is dead, his plays must also die, unless they have been embalmed by the only "antidote against the opium of time"—which is, of course, the note of undeniable accomplishment in structure, or, at the very least, the note of style in dialogue. An unquestionable technical adroitness, either in respect to construction or in respect to style, is the only thing that can keep a play alive in the theatre when once its timeliness of subject-matter has been ticked away.

Oscar Wilde was not regarded, a quarter of a century ago, as a dramatist of primary importance; yet his plays sustain the burden of "revival" more easily than those of any other of his foregone contemporaries, excepting only the even more technical Pinero. The reason for this fact is based upon the premise that Wilde's dramatic works were less remarkable, from the very outset, for the soundness of their subject-matter than for their sheer adroitness and dexterity. Wilde was not endowed by nature with any "message" to convey to his immediate contemporaries; but he was an almost superlatively clever artisan, and any artistic project that he chose to undertake was touched with his authentic note of cleverness.

WILDE'S CONSUMMATE TECHNICAL DEXTERITY

There is nothing, for example, in the subject-matter of "An Ideal Husband" that could possibly attract the over-worked attention of the journalistic public of to-day; yet the current presentation of this relic of a past age of the theatre is emphatically worthy of attendance, because of the manifest adroitness of the dramatist in marshalling and delivering his hollow and unprofitable comments on the "problems" of Victorian society. After all, it remains a won-

Though There Are Many War Plays This Season, New York Sees a Wilde Revival And Two Imported Operettas of Merit

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Charlotte Fairchild

That Constance Collier, late adored Duchess of Towers, of "Peter Ibbetson" fame, can be as charmingly frivolous as once she was charmingly earnest is proved when she plays Mrs. Cheveley, the adventuress in "An Ideal Husband," now being produced at the Comedy Theatre by a brilliant group of actors

drous thing to be able to calculate a fabric for the theatre, and to plan and point the necessary lines, so cleverly as Oscar Wilde was able to attend to these technical details a quarter of a century ago. This man has long been dead; and there is no longer any motive for over-valuing or under-valuing his work. The world at large is now ready to admit that, though Oscar Wilde had little to say, he said this little with consummate technical dexterity; and, for this very reason, his contributions to the theatre are likely to live longer than those of many bigger and better men. The content of his work is negligible, but the form is fine; and finished form is a valuable preservative.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND".

"An Ideal Husband" was first produced in London on January 3, 1895; and before the end of the same year it was also presented in New York, at the old Lyceum Theatre. The current revival—mistakenly announced as the first American production—was arranged by John D. Williams, in association with Norman Trevor and Cyril Harcourt. Messrs. Trevor and Harcourt have assembled an excellent stock company, with the view of presenting a series of plays at the Comedy Theatre; and this first item on their programme is auspicious of a worthy season. The piece is admirably acted and directed; and the cast includes such able players as Constance Collier, Julian L'Estrange, and Beatrice Beckley.

"An Ideal Husband" reveals Oscar Wilde at his best and at his worst. The story of the play is artificial; but this story is projected with every evidence of the author's mastery of theatrical means. The emphasis of surprise, for instance, is employed more adroitly in this composition than in any other play of Wilde's. Furthermore, the wit of the dialogue rivals frequently, and even at certain times excels, the sheer brilliancy displayed in the writing of "The Importance of Being Earnest". When it comes to coining epigrams, even so clever a performer as Mr. Bernard Shaw is overmastered easily by his earlier fellow-countryman. But, on the other hand, the moral philosophy which is preached forth in the text of "An Ideal Husband" must now be rejected, not merely because it was punctiliously dated as Victorian, but also because it was always absolutely shallow. The play appears to teach the philosophic lesson that, as the world wags, it is less serious to commit a venal crime than it is to be found out. The Victorian fetish of "respectability" is regarded as a matter of more consequence than the less ornate ideal of downright honesty. As a commentator on the morals of his generation, Wilde suffered obviously from his lack, not only of a lofty, but even of a definite, ideal. But, on the other hand, his moral detachment and disinterestedness contributed very clearly to an unimpeded expression of his incomparable gift for cynical satire. No richer part was ever written for a comic actor than the part of the satirical Lord Goring in "An Ideal Husband." Nearly every line assigned to Goring seems to crackle with the crisp clear flame of Oscar Wilde's inimitable wit.

"TEA FOR THREE"

High comedy is so rare in America that Roi Cooper Megrue should be particularly complimented for the prowess that he has revealed in writing "Tea for Three." This piece is not only the most entertaining fabric that has thus far been manufactured by this indefatigable playwright, but it also registers a very clear advance from the point where Mr. Megrue appeared to be contented, for the moment, to capture the easy plaudits of the public by a clever readjustment of admittedly reliable theatrical expedient.

The subject-matter of "Tea for Three" is inconsiderable, and the appeal of the piece is based frankly upon the cleverness of the dialogue. Mr. Megrue set himself a hard task when he decided to aspire to that lofty rank of comic writers which has been rendered most illustrious by a long line of gifted Irishmen, from Sheridan, through Oscar Wilde, to Bernard Shaw. But the colloquy of this comedy of conversation is so amusing and is so replete with ready cues for laughter, that there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Megrue has succeeded in his ambitious undertaking.

The story of the play is unimportant. We are confronted frankly with the traditional triangle, composed of a wife, a husband, and a *tertium quid*. The third person, in this instance, is gifted by nature with an airy wit, and decides to clarify the situation by pricking the rather stodgy husband into a spasm of jealousy so absurdly acute that it will naturally cure itself by virtue of its own extravagant extremity. This imaginative plan is crowned ultimately with success, after we have been led by the author through a region of sheer wit so tingling that it overpasses the bounds beyond which an average audience is willing ordinarily to plod along on an expeditionary venture. It happens all too seldom in New York that the playwright is more clever than the audience; and a victory of this kind should be celebrated most emphatically.

The three important parts in this triangular comedy are cleverly played by Arthur Byron, Margaret Lawrence, and Frederick Perry; and the piece has been admirably staged under the direction of the author.

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY"

Horace Annesley Vachell is not a practiced playwright; but he is, at least, endowed with a native gift for story-telling that nearly always stands him in good stead. His best plays reveal a novelistic interest which is sufficient to compensate for their theatrical defects. "Quinney's", for instance, was not an able play; yet it exercised the sweet weak-sister sort of charm that may be radiated by

a poor play that has been written by an obviously able novelist.

Mr. Vachell's latest effort, "Humpty-Dumpty", is inefficiently constructed, from the point of view of immediate theatrical effect. Half a dozen practiced artisans along Broadway would have been ready, at short notice, to improve the project if they had been summoned, at the eleventh hour, to collaborate with Mr. Vachell. Yet the piece undeniably propounds an airy and inconsequential sort of charm, which results apparently from the careless method of its narrative.

The author, dealing once again with the traditional subject of a sudden and drastic overturning of the accepted order of social precedence,—which subject was discussed with an almost classical finality by Sir James Barrie in "The Admirable Crichton",—attempts to satirize the fabric of contemporary British society by imagining a set of circumstances that would

suddenly require a hair-dresser from the hypothetical town of Swanscombe-on-the-Sea to assume an unexpected seat in the House of Lords. The necessary plot has been laboriously complicated; and the resultant play might easily be attacked, from the technical point of view, by a critic whose artillery had not been spiked by the quite considerable charm of Mr. Vachell's gift for narrative invention. A project that smilingly presents itself as a sort of fairy-story is not a matter that can easily be frowned upon.

"Humpty-Dumpty", furthermore, is admirably acted. The part of the flamboyant hair-dresser who is permitted, for an act or so, to lord himself in ermine affords to Otis Skinner a very welcome opportunity for displaying that fluent shoulder-sweep of gesture which he has inherited, by honourable practice, from our vaunted "older school" of actors. The cast of "Humpty-Dumpty" contains, also, Beryl Mercer, who plays the part of Otis Skinner's mother.

There is no finer artist than Miss Mercer on the stage today; and it is always an especial pleasure to enjoy the exhibition of her meticulous technique.

"ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES"

"Another Man's Shoes", by Laura Hinkley and Mabel Ferris, was an unusually clever play; and, if an accident of the theatric calendar had not required it to open in the midst of a week when no less than ten new plays were offered for consideration, it would have received a greater measure of critical appreciation than has been accorded to it in the press.

The story deals with a novel problem in the interesting field of dual personality. Several weeks after a serious railroad accident, the hero wakes up in bed. He believes himself to be an unattached and impecunious young man named Richard Trent; but his doctor, his nurse, and every other person who comes about his bedside, assure him that he is a wealthy married man named Richard Craven. Craven's lovely wife accepts him as her husband; and the situation of the hero is seriously complicated by rea-

(Continued on page 88)



Maurice Goldberg

Phoebe Foster plays that charmer of our youth, the lady circus rider, in "Mr. Barnum," a thing of sawdust and sentiment founded on the life of the great American showman. Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise are the authors

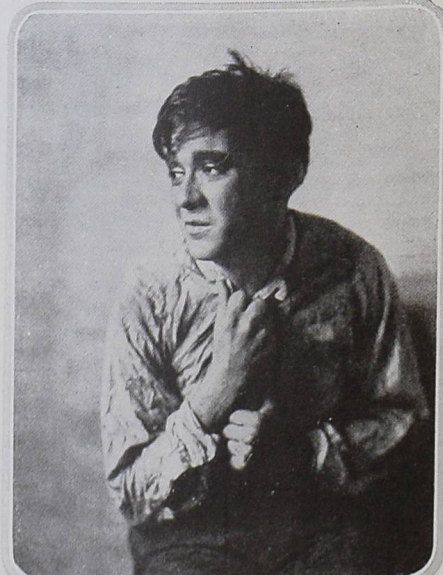


Charlotte Fairchild

Sidonie Espero, our most cherished souvenir of the late lamented "Kitty Darlin'," has a real singing and acting part in "The Maid of the Mountains," an English production, rich in scenery and costume, imported by the managers of that spectacular production, "Chu Chin Chow"



Abbé



Abbé

Having loved and suffered as Willie Baxter in "Seventeen," Gregory Kelly came back as fourteen-year-old Jonathan in Stuart Walker's "Jonathan Makes a Wish." Let's hope the wish wasn't for a long run—for Jonathan is no more

Lorna Volare makes life miserable for her adopted father and happy for the audience in "Daddies," where she plays a Belgian orphan



ARNOLD GENTHE

Dancing in the Checkered Shade

The Elizabeth Duncan Pupils, in an Outdoor Masque, Held at Tarrytown, New York



La Diva, Amelita Galli-Curci

After a protracted concert tour she will sing in New York, in January, with the Chicago Opera Company



Geraldine Farrar and Milton Sills, in "The Hell Cat," her most recent Goldwyn picture, taken in Cody, Wyoming. Miss Farrar refers to this drama in her article printed below.

The Art of Acting in the Movies

Requires a Technique Unlike That of the Operatic Stage

By GERALDINE FARRAR

MR. TELLEGEN really started it. It happened at the moving picture studio. As it was his first visit there, he had some difficulty in finding my dressing room. After wandering about through a labyrinth of alley-ways, he was finally guided to my door by a melody that chanced to be issuing from that corner of the studio. You see, in between "takes", I sometimes find time to study some of my operatic rôles.

"Truly," he exclaimed banteringly, "you are an artist lost in a movie manufactory!"

"Not lost, my dear," I retorted, "an artist is not lost, but *multiplied*, in the cinema."

Then followed one of our many and endless discussions on the subject of the film drama; for, while Mr. Tellegen believes in the art of the cinema as a potentiality only, to be developed later into something artistically static, I always contend that it is already an established art, not brought to its maximum of perfection, perhaps, but moving very rapidly and surely in that direction.

ONE cannot blame Mr. Tellegen, however, for calling our studio a "movie manufactory". The huge, barn-like, glass-enclosed workshop looks more like a storage house for electrical lighting appliances and furniture, than a temple of dramatic art. In the center

of all this mechanical confusion, the visitor is hypnotized by an island of light, so bright, that it is difficult at first, for the unaccustomed eye, to note that it envelopes an elegantly appointed drawing-room, enclosed by three walls, close to which are planted the clinical looking "broad-sides", "mercury lights" and "flaming arcs", all of which contribute to the island of blinding light.

The "domelight" overhead not only adds to the luminosity, but alas, to the great heat of the place as well.

Mr. Barker, the director of my picture, "The Turn of the Wheel," which was filmed at Fort Lee during the burning days of June and July, jokingly remarked that he wore his broad-brimmed Panama hat throughout the day in order not to get sun-burned!

The great heat and excessive light, so hard on one's eyes, also acts as a disintegrating force upon one's make-up. Grease-paint and powder, diluted by perspiration, have an alarming way of disappearing in little rivulets, so that if one is to achieve the smooth and pearly complexion so alluring on the screen, one must stop every five minutes or so and repair the ravages of these artificial tropics.

Another thing that adds to the confusion is the fact that, while the scenes are rehearsed and "shot", a dozen or so electricians are con-

stantly moving back and forth, adjusting their lights, shifting this fuse or that. Overallled, begrimed with the ear-marks of their trade, they move about with fine unconcern and a nonchalance that a débutante might well envy.

Very soon, however, one learns not to mind these conditions, and, as time goes on, one becomes oblivious to everything, except the scene that one is enacting.

THE dramatic technique involved in operatic acting is often complex, and nerve-taxing, by reason of its combination of singing and acting. I find that the simplicity of acting for motion pictures is a great relief to me after an arduous winter at the Metropolitan. My "movie" season is really my annual period of relaxation, for, having been blessed at birth with a super-abundance of vitality, the work at the studio seems more like recreation to me than actual labor.

Compared to the spoken drama, the opera in reality offers one a restricted sphere of dramatic expression, while the movies are quite the most unrestricted sphere of all drama. The greatest opera singers must all, in the past, have chafed under the dramatic restraint of the opera, many of them have threatened, time and again, to leave the singing stage for the speaking stage—but only (Continued on page 93)



FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Doris Kenyon is the bright particular star of De Luxe Pictures, her own company. Her latest picture is "Wild Honey," one of those always popular dramas, the scene of which is laid in the wild West



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Lucille Pelouze is the latest recruit to the mighty army of the movies. She expects to go right into active service, and will be seen in the very front-line films some time in the near future

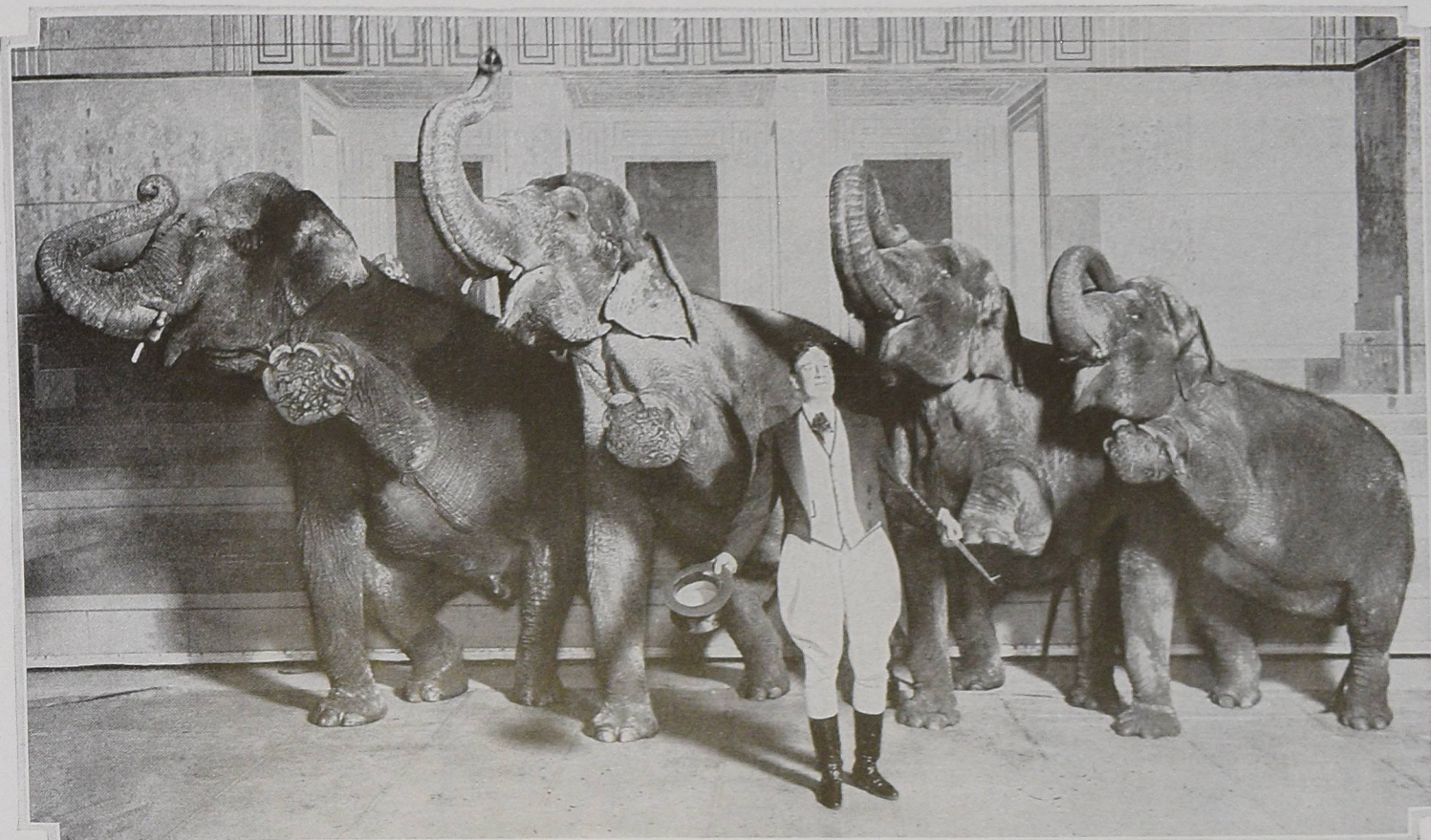
Elsie Ferguson is still loyal to the movies and is going right on starring in Arctcraft productions. Her latest picture, "Under the Greenwood Tree," will soon be released

Olive Thomas—we beg her pardon, Mrs. Jack Pickford—is doing her bit by appearing in a war picture,—a Triangle Film production with the title of "Toton"



Shadows On The Screen

Leading Figures in the Rapidly-moving World of the Films



WHITE

Mr. Hopper is, this winter, adding to his long list of dramatic accomplishments by appearing twice daily at the Hippodrome, with a troupe of trained elephants—all of them of the female persuasion. Here they all are! Reading from left to right—Lena, Jennie, Roxie, and Julia. Lena is the lady who crouches on our hero. If she ever crouched too far, little Wolfie would be a waffle.

My Hippodrome Jungle-Maids

A Brief Treatise on the Diet, Affections, and Personal Idiosyncrasies of Lady Elephants

By DE WOLF HOPPER

IT IS seldom that one is granted the fulfillment of one's boyhood dreams! Yes, alas, very seldom. But I am, praise be to Allah, at last experiencing that blissful consummation—twice a day—at the Hippodrome. I really must admit that it is more than I deserve. Weak mortal man can only cringe under such a prodigality of good fortune.

For, at the age of eight, my conception of the highest pinnacle of rapture attainable by man, was the directorship of a flock of trained elephants, together with the wearing privileges of a red coat, silk hat and patent-leather boots. And now, at the age of thirty-one (net), I find myself not only possessed of these refined articles of dress, and the complete custody of four of the most lady-like elephants on the English-speaking stage,—but, what is more, I am extremely well paid for it.

No, it really isn't fair to the rest of the world.

And *such* ladies! I have never played opposite four more considerate, unselfish, untemperamental females in all my stage career. I love every square yard of them. But, pardon me,—their names? Yes, madam, to be sure—I had forgot.

READING from left to right, in order of their tonnage, the girls are as follows: Lena, Jennie, Roxie and Julia. I do not know their last names. I do not believe in going too deeply into the past of my dramatic associates, especially the ladies. But it is an open secret, back-stage, at the Hippodrome that Julia is Lena's daughter. I have never spoken to Lena of her husband. Tact, personi-



De Wolf Hopper, the world's master elephant trainer. He never uses the steel, but does it all by watermelons and a resounding vocal organ.

fied! He was some worthless fellow, no doubt, and she is probably better off without him, now that Julia is old enough to bring in a little money each and every week.

Julia is the second elephant to be born in captivity. Lena is the first elephant that ever sat on me. When I say "sat" I mean "almost sat" or "crouched." Twice a day Lena crouches down toward my recumbent form as if to sit on me, while the audience gasps in morbid anticipation of seeing the passing of one of America's tallest comedians. And twice a day Lena halts in her downward course at just the psychological, as well as physiological, moment, and slowly raises herself out of harm's way—that is, out of *my* harm's way. But I am frank to admit that if Lena ever became so preoccupied in the audience as to crouch too far, little Wolfie would be a waffle.

Lena is about thirty, but the draft will never get Julia, who is eight, going on nine. In fact, it is only by special dispensation of the Gerry Society that little Julia is allowed to appear in the evening performances at all. The fact that she is always accompanied by her mother was a big point in her favor with the Society.

I think that I may safely say that the standard of morality among elephants is well worthy of our sincerest imitation. In the first place, they are monogamous, which is something rather unusual among dramatic artists. Their home life is very beautiful. Lena has her own ideas about perfume, but I can swear to the nobility of her other habits, for I feed her myself and I always know exactly where she spends her evenings. (Continued on page 83)



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Desirée Lubowska, Once of the Ballet Russe

And Now the Première Danseuse of the Hippodrome Spectacle

Artists and Art Patrons

The Need for a Closer Relationship Between Them

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

WHEN Michael Angelo was only fourteen years old he was sent to Florence and lived for three years with Lorenzo de Medici, mingling with the wits and scholars of the times. He must have been a gawky lad; and I have often wondered what it was that Lorenzo saw in the youth, and how a man so rich as Lorenzo, and so busy and important, and so surrounded by scholars, antiquarians and clever people, should have had the time or attention to spend on a mere handicraftsman from the country, who—so Ghirlandajo said—had talent.

The answer is, of course, to be found in the rest of Lorenzo's life. He was a very extraordinary man and his was a very extraordinary age. Lorenzo was an artist himself, and he had that feeling of reverence for the creative spirit which liberates talent in others.

A work of art is a ticklish thing to produce. It comes out of the crucible of a "temperament." It draws upon unconscious powers. It is living, sensitive, wayward; must be both humored and controlled; must spring and yet be directed.

No two works of art are just alike. When an artist tries to repeat a success, his *capolavoro* becomes a pot-boiler. This is as true of small things,—stories and squibs,—as it is of great ones,—tragedies and madonnas. This primal fact about all art seems to be regarded as a joke, or as a cryptic piece of nonsense by all men who are not artists themselves, except that rare class of persons who are mad about genius in others. They alone revere the mystery.

IT is, to be sure, a strange fact that the man who orders a picture has almost as much a hand in its merit as the man who paints it. But there must be no non-conductor in the shape of a middleman. The little point of contact between artist and patron, which is conversational in its nature and seems so trivial, rules the whole situation. It creates or it destroys. Through this focus passes the whole work of art. Any third influence spoils the current. If a rich man who is building a palace says to a decorator, "Ah, Mr. Sawyer Jones, you have good recommendations; let us see what you can do. Perhaps we can use you in the Pompeian room. But you will have to see Mr. Cagliostro, the decorator, who has taken full charge of that sort of thing for me"—why, he ties the artist up and delivers him over to the interior decorator. Under such conditions the artist would be trying to please someone who was trying to please someone else.

He would be the slave of a slave.

To Cagliostro the desideratum is a safe and sane copy of something. He wants, at the best, a sample of Jones's work,—as near like what Jones did for the Midas's drawing-room as the conditions will permit. Jones's only safe course is to imitate his own style himself; and, by Jove, so subtle are these influences that the chances are that the artist—Jones—will soon do this unconsciously.



"LE RÊVE"

A statue in marble by Elie Nadelman. This head is the most recent work achieved by the sculptor

Goethe said that no sooner had a man done a good thing than the whole world entered into a conspiracy to prevent him from ever doing another.

The world wants the first one over again. The world wants pot-boilers, longs for them with a consuming passion; and, from end to end, society is rigged with effective machinery which shall produce pot-boilers at any cost. What that cost is no one knows, except the chance thoughtful person, who picks up some popular and successful artist's early sketch (or bust, or poem, or story) and wonders what the deuce has become of the author.

I HAVE had a somewhat kindred experience in writing for the magazines, the editors of which are the typical "middle men" of literature.

Some editor writes me, "Our magazine desires twenty-five hundred words about modern fads."

Dear me! Twenty-five hundred words? How much does that make—in ideas?

"No, sir," says another, "our magazine cannot use your lines on Simonides. But we should be pleased if you would submit to us a short poem about France, like your recent lines on Italy."

Damned if I do.

I swear I will never correspond with these creatures again. They are the enemies of all the good work in the universe.

I must take a brisk walk and try to forget them.

The editors do for the public and for the literary world what the architects and artistic

advisers do for the rich patron. They are looking for a product, but know nothing of the process. They can never say to the artist the only words which inspire creation in the human breast; namely: "I want something of yours, done in your own way—to please yourself." The world at large never says this to an artist till he has won his spurs, not until any work of his hand is a feather in the owner's cap.

Well, to-day in America we ought to have art patrons enough. The country is full of merchant princes; full of palaces, good paintings, antique furniture, precious objects. We have, as a matter of course, a class of middle men; dealers, buyers, *arrangers*, of the fine arts, who find, import, restore, place, preserve the treasures of Europe, and play for us the part which the Greek rhetorician played for the Roman Senator. For several centuries every great Roman household employed a Greek scholar as a sort of domesticated expert on the higher education.

Our American millionaires are served by two kinds of confidential art-experts,—the architect and the near-priest. As for the architects, I hate to say anything against them, because we owe them much. They learned their trade from France and Italy just in time to take charge of our great and inevitable era of building which began in 1870.

If it had not been for the good sense of our architects we should have had an epoch of barbaric eccentricity,—Etruscan cones, mausoleums, pagodas,—the indestructible monuments of power and ignorance. If, to-day, you cannot look out of a car window without seeing the influence of good, old, educated, European tradition, this is due to our architects. These men have taught us most of what we know of decoration; and they are in the saddle,—perhaps a little too firmly in the saddle.

Our second class of confidential experts are the decorators. They are of more recent origin than the architects. They are super-middlemen, and, as it were, near-priests or private chaplains of the fine arts. These men have a great, miscellaneous, amateur knowledge of historic decoration. They are, in their own sphere, hieratic persons,—something like the old-fashioned teachers of good form, who used to instruct the humbler classes in the proprieties of dress and dining out. They can do nothing with their hands. They belong to the social side of splendor, not to the technical side. But they have to be reckoned with at every moment.

I will not say that these near-priests have not had their utility, just as the architects have had theirs, but I will say this:—That the weakness in the whole situation of our art world lies in the remoteness of the patron from the artisan, in the separation of them by the architect and the decorator. If you could look down at the problem from the moon and ask "What does American art need? What power will resolve the knot of circumstance and break the dam for (Continued on page 86)



Among the many objects of interest in the living-room of Mrs. Edward A. Sherwan's apartment are a magnificent old Spanish red lacquered high case secretary, two old Rouen vases in the windows, and a quaint green lacquered Louis VI Carrel clock between them

DECORATIONS BY KARL FREUND

THIS DISTINCTIVE NEW YORK APARTMENT CONTAINS MANY INTERESTING VISTAS AND A COLOURFUL COLLECTION OF OBJETS D'ART PLACED WITH DUE REGARD TO THE ROOMS AS A WHOLE



Charlotte Fairchild



An unusual way to treat a narrow hallway is illustrated by this photograph showing two old painted Chinese wall panels of the early eighteenth century connected by a painted mirror panel. The Chippendale console table holds a white and gold covered jar of Oriental Lowestoft

The canopy of eighteenth century painted silk and the screen showing an Eastern landscape painted on transparent pergamin give the bedroom an air of distinction. On the mantel are two crocus pots of old W held on with electric lighted flowers

THE ROSE GARDEN of TWO POPULAR ARTISTS

Like Most Famous Artists and Literary People, the Leyendecker Brothers Find a Goodly Share of Inspiration in the Surroundings of a Quiet Country Home

MOST of us have a lively curiosity as to the surroundings in which artists and literary people live and move and have their being, and from which they derive their inspiration. In probably a large majority of cases these surroundings are quiet country homes, set amidst gardens and trees, in the calmness of free air and open skies. That gardens should have so prominent a share in the products of brush and pen is an added proof, if any were needed, of their essentiality to humanity.

It may sound like a movie hero popularity contest, but—who is your favorite magazine cover artist? If we were to hazard a guess, we would think of just one name: Leyendecker. Whether "F. X." or "J. C." is quite immaterial, for these two brothers hold jointly and singly a unique place in the illustrating world.

The Leyendecker brothers' home is at New Rochelle, New York. Below the house, and reached directly from the broad terrace, a semi-sunken rose garden fills the view. Bricks laid in herring-bone design form the paths, and there are borders of green turf about the bushes. Cedars, spruces and pines are the immediate surroundings of the garden, while taller growing oaks and other deciduous trees give solidarity to the background.

From the terrace steps to the stone bench and wall at the opposite side, the garden is a delightful spot in which to idle away a fragrant June dusk. Quite different is its atmosphere then from what it is in the early morning, when shadows still hover over it and the night's dew clings to the delicate reds and pinks and whites of the blossoms' petals. Yet whatever the hour or light, the garden's influence on its owners' work can never be denied.

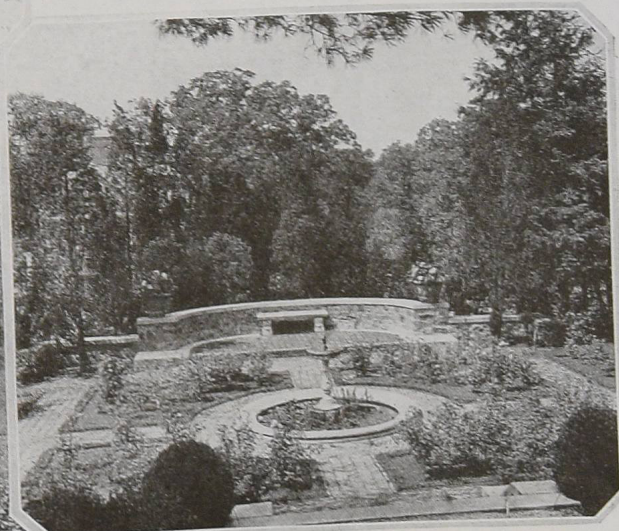
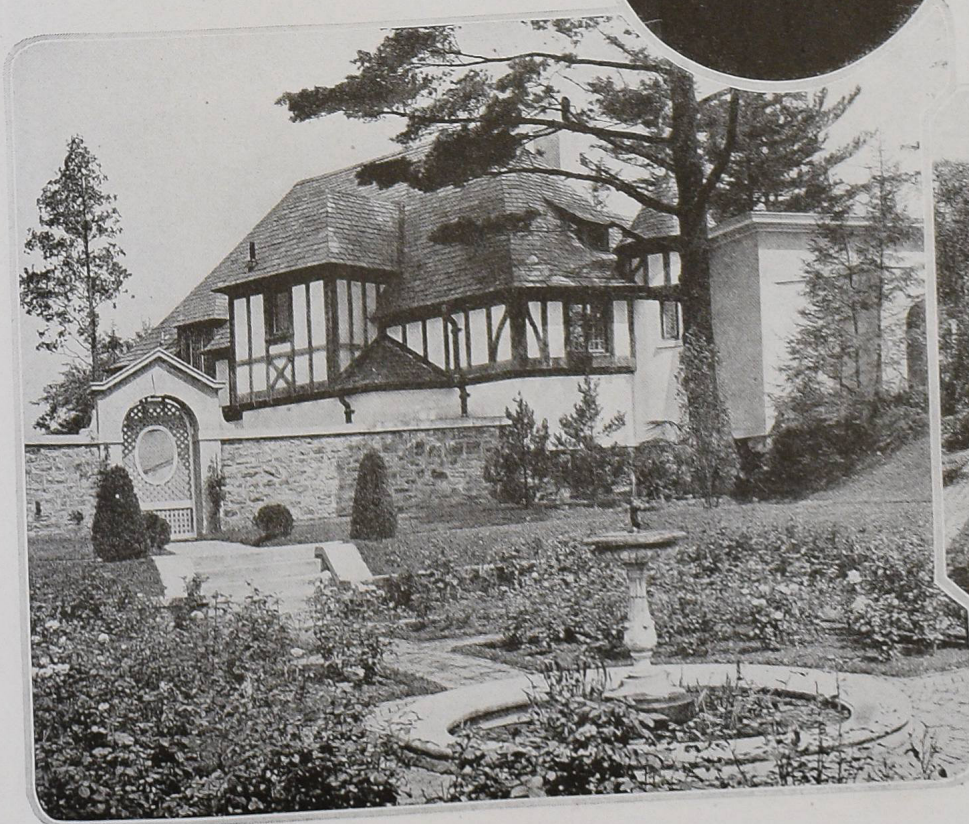


Tebbs



There is none of the traditional attic bedroom atmosphere about the studio where Francis X. Leyendecker does his work. Space, light and a pleasant garden without—these are his surroundings

The rose garden lies below the terrace, from which access is had by a broken flight of steps. The approach is extremely simple, with all the charm which well chosen simplicity is bound to bring



The central feature is a fountain and pool, planted with water lilies and a few taller growing aquatics. The rose plots are grouped around its circumference

No garden can be complete without a proper background. Looking down from the terrace, the view terminates in a setting of cedars with deciduous trees behind



The living room goes back to the 17th Century, the paneling and half timber work having been removed from a house of that period in East Anglia. The walls are old plaster with pargeting. Suitable furniture was selected—some for comfort and one or two bits to carry out the atmosphere of the period. Schmitt Brothers, decorators

Tebbs



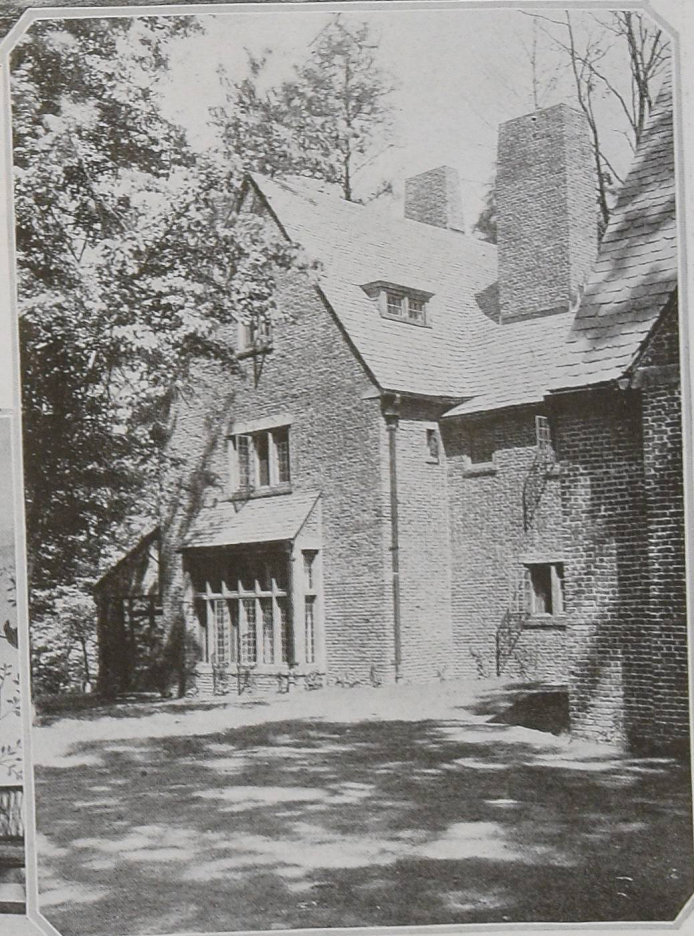
The library carries out the 18th Century spirit. A quaint old chintz is used for slip covers on the comfortable arm chairs and sofa, and at the low casement windows. Other furniture, which can be seen in the view shown in the Little Portfolio, is Sheraton. Hooked rugs of a gay design give color to the room



It is called "Nonesuch House" and the name well fits it. The long, low roof line and the rambling character of the plan fills you with a sense of old world comfort such as you get in some of the beautiful English estates

A bit of the 18th Century, in its most distinguished mood, is the dining room with the painted Chinese paper. The furniture is old Sheraton

This detail of the exterior shows the uneven quality of the brick and the unusual disposition of the casements that give the façade character

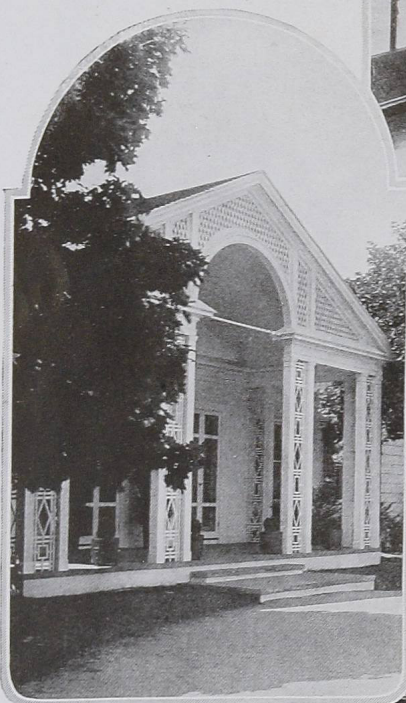


THE RESIDENCE OF
COURTLANDT D. BARNES, Esq.
MANHASSETT, L. I.
PEABODY, WILSON & BROWN, Architects

THE FARM GROUP of GLENN STUART, Esq.

LOCUST VALLEY, L. I.

ALFRED HOPKINS, Architect



The main entrance is an arched portico supported by delicate trellis panels. Vines which will be trained up these posts will help to complete the picture. From the portico broad flat steps lead down to the drive. This entrance commands a wide stretch of lawn

Like the living room, the library is paneled in antique oak and has a marble of limestone. Books, in set-in shelves, range down one wall. The rug is dull gray. A comfortable lounge is upholstered in old chintz which shows dull tones of mingled red and yellow



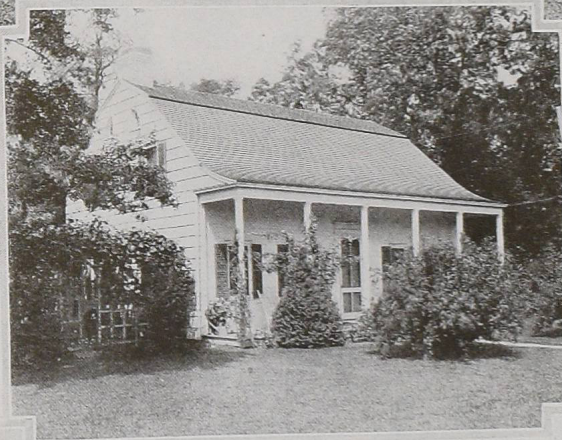
Tebbs

The walls of the living room are paneled in antique oak and the ceiling decorated with a strap ornament in low relief. This combination of oak wainscot and old ivory ceiling is happy. A focal point is furnished by the carved limestone mantel. The rug is a neutral gray and the chintz covers and hangings are in black and yellow with dull reds





In one corner of the grounds is the gardener's cottage. Who wouldn't be a gardener if he could live under such a delightful roof and sit out the dusks on such a porch!



The main house is a bungalow with wings that enclose a grassed court. This is the front seen from across the lawn. It has been placed with a nice regard for the trees

The rear of the building shows the court with the living porch in the center and the little swimming pool in the foreground. The two end pavilions are sleeping porches



SEEN in the SHOPS



The evening shades that are so pretty and so becoming are used for this soft silver-edged frock oforgette crêpe; \$31.50

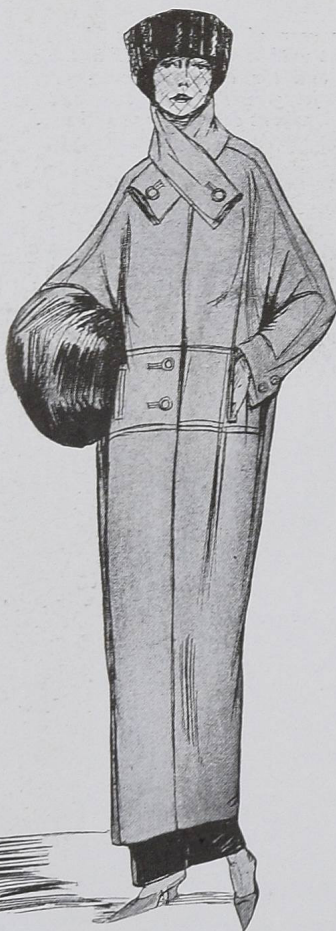


It's the unusual, and most becoming, black scroll veil, held in at top and bottom with narrow silver ribbon, that makes this little turned-up velvet hat so particularly charming; \$23.50

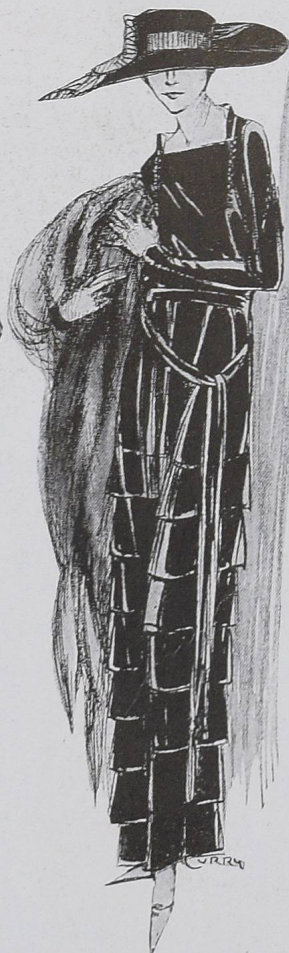
THE extreme simplicity of the mode this season makes the wearing of a smart hat imperative if one would look individual. Although just the right hat is often difficult to find, the ones sketched on these pages are, in all but one instance, copies of French models, and they are well made and varied in line and material. The model sketched just above on this page is a plain panne velvet hat with a turned-up brim. The interest of this hat lies in the adjustment of the black scroll veil which is softly gathered to the crown with a narrow bit of silver ribbon and is caught in at the throat with a band of silver and black ribbon. The hat sketched at the top on page 98 is of a totally different character. It is made of black hatter's plush with narrow silk binding to increase its very tailored look, and it flares sharply at one side and is decidedly straight at the other. A horizontal ornament of cock feathers is the only trimming. The small neck-piece shown in the same sketch is an unusual value and very smart in addition. It is of silver kit fox, double, and of a convenient length. This is an excellent model. Velours in a lovely soft brownish

taupe is used for the coat sketched at the lower left on this page. It is ingeniously cut with a high yoke at the back from which the rest of the coat hangs in soft folds. The collar may be worn fastened across, as illustrated, or rolling softly away from the throat in a shawl effect. The hat sketched with this coat is a cylindrical toque of hatter's plush with narrow strips of grosgrain ribbon alternating with strips of soft silky fringe of the same ribbon. This fringe is so closely applied that it gives the appearance of silky fur.

The suit sketched at the lower right on page 74 is quite a departure from the usual ready-made suit. It has the soft outline and the attention to detail which are usually found on clothes made by a skilful dressmaker. The material may be duvet de laine in taupe, navy blue, terra cotta, or reindeer, or velours in small chic checks. These checks are in soft colours, blue and tan, or grey and peacock blue and are so blended that the effect is soft. The pocket is set into the plait of the coat, and the slightly gathered back is finished with a shoulder-length yoke. The straight skirt is finished at the hip with a pocket of the same shape. Two-



When one is snugly buttoned into a soft taupe velours coat, warm, and long, and high of collar, one has no dread of winter weather; \$49.50. The plush hat is trimmed with ribbon; \$22.50



A black satin frock, as becomingly made as this one, is simple enough for daytime and smart enough for any time; \$37.50. Hatter's plush makes the big black hat; \$23.50



An old-fashioned quilting stitch makes the new-fashioned scallops on the tucks that trim this hand-made batiste blouse; \$5.50. The hat with its drooping brim all the way round and its soft becoming crown, is fashioned of velvet with a big bow made of feathers; \$22.50

toned bone buttons are used. The hat in the sketch is a velvet toque which makes no attempt to have a definite outline, but follows the lines of the head and coiffure. Small bits of velvet appliqué are used to suggest innumerable flowers. This hat may be ordered in dark blue, brown, black, terra cotta, and a very deep shade of rose.

OF BLACK SATIN

Sketched in the lower middle on page 73 is a black satin frock which would be a valuable addition to a winter wardrobe. Its simplicity makes it practical for all times of the day, but the individuality of silhouette makes it particularly interesting for informal occasions. The satin is of unusually good quality and shows to great advantage in the bias folds which form the many tiered skirt. The narrow collar is lined with old-gold satin, and the buttons on either side of the blouse and on the sleeves are acorn-shaped and covered with the black satin. The rather large hat shown in this sketch is of hatter's plush bound with grosgrain ribbon. It rolls up most becomingly at the back. A grosgrain ribbon encircles the crown and ends in a large soft bow which has been accordion pleated and fringed, giving an attractive finish.

FOR EVENING WEAR

The sketch at the upper left on page 73 shows a very charming evening gown simply made of layers oforgette crêpe in turquoise blue, rose colour, or orchid. Over a straight slip hang three straight panels edged with narrow silver fringe, and over these hang gracefully draped aprons. The bodice is V-shaped in the front with a straight piece of the material softly draped from shoulder to shoulder, and the sleeves are tight, short, and edged with silver stitching. The same silver stitching is used to outline the neck and the edge of the aprons. A narrow



The lovely colours in which this blouse may be had, and the soft pleated ruffles that are used as trimming are two of the reasons for its charm; \$8.95. The velvet hat has a soft double brim; \$23.50

girdle is made of a fold of silver ribbon with one cluster of vari-coloured flowers.

The skirt shown in the sketch in the lower middle on this page is a wool mixture of black and white shepherd's plaid with black bone buttons used on the pockets and the belt. The blouse is made of a new and attractive soft washable silk. This model is exceptionally well cut and made. The collar is slightly flaring, as are the cuffs, and small pearl buttons are used as the fastening. In the same sketch is a hat of black and white grosgrain ribbon which is soft and practical for sports wear.

A VARIETY OF BLOUSES

The blouse sketched at the upper left on this page is oforgette crêpe in French blue, tea-rose, heliotrope, flesh colour, white, or black. Clusters of tucks are used horizontally and vertically, suggesting a plaid. The collar is divided at the back where the blouse opens and falls in a soft cowl effect in the front. Knife pleated ruffling finishes the collar and cuffs and two fine lines of drawn-work trim these ruffles. The hat shown in this sketch illustrates one of the most noteworthy features of the millinery of this season—the soft brim which is seen on so many of the French hats. In this particular instance it is obtained by joining together two separate panne velvet brims with a piece of inch-wide grosgrain ribbon. The flowers and leaves which encircle the crown are of the velvet bound with the ribbon. Also oforgette crêpe, in flesh colour, is the blouse sketched at the lower left on this page. The bib-like collar is used in the back, where the blouse opens, as well as in the front, and it is edged with fine silk fringe. The sleeve is finished with a deep cuff and with pearl buttons and has a slightly flaring slash just above the cuff. Velvet and satin are used in the black hat shown in the same sketch.

(Continued on page 82)



Cosily warm for coal-less days is this graceful enveloping negligée made of albatross; \$22.50



Two signs by which we may know that a blouse is new and smart are the bib collar and the fringe which trim this model inorgette crêpe; \$6.95. The hat is of velvet and satin; \$22



A well-cut skirt of plaid wool, a plain washable silk blouse, and a black and white sports hat are the best possible companions for almost any autumn sport. Skirt, \$12.75; blouse, \$8.50; hat, \$16.50



As soft in outline and as well-made as a "made-to-order" suit, is this one of duvet de laine or velours. In duvet de laine, \$67.50; in velours, \$78.50. The hat is of soft velvet appliqué; \$19.50

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One may banish a camisole completely if one wears this well-fitted brassière under one's tailored clothes; \$2.95

SEEN in the SHOPS

(Continued from page 81)

left is of white batiste with a top cut to fit without any bothersome ribbon. The fulness at the waist is caught in with a narrow pink batiste binding. This same pink binding is used as a finish for the entire combination, and is a most effective trimming which is often seen on hand-made French lingerie. At the right in this same sketch is a nainsook combination with a top which is in reality a deep hem caught in with a soft pink satin bow to suggest a brassière. The shoulder straps are double bands of nainsook. The cut of this combination makes it particularly good for wear under a uniform or for athletic use of any sort.

AN EXCELLENT BRASSIÈRE

Sketched at the top of this page is a brassière made of very heavy flesh coloured coutil. The shoulder straps are of elastic encased in flesh coloured satin ribbon, thus doing away with the ugliness of elastic and still allowing great freedom of action. A brassière of this type does not require a camisole, and this is of especial interest to women who are inclined

to be stout and dislike to wear both a camisole and a brassière. This model fastens at the back.

The brassière shown in the sketch at the bottom on page 98 is a most unusual value. It is of flesh coloured satin and is slightly boned at either side. The back is cut quite low and has elastic inserts in the centre of the back, and the shoulder straps are of ribbon. The petticoat shown in the same sketch is of silk jersey and is made with lines which are extremely good. It has no flounce, and the hem is scalloped and edged with silk fringe. This petticoat may be had in navy blue, black, dark brown, or fawn—all the serviceable colours.

FOR CHILLY MORNINGS

The negligée sketched at the upper right on page 74 will prove a delight on chilly mornings. It is of albatross and cut after a new fashion which suggests the generous folds of an Arabian burnouse. Narrow bands of the albatross finish the openings for the arms. This comes in very lovely soft shades of pink or blue.



Two excellent examples of the new popular "tailored lingerie" are the batiste envelope combination, at the left, and the nainsook one with fitted top, at the right; \$2.35; \$1.85

My Hippodrome Jungle Maids

(Continued from page 71)

ELEPHANTS live longer than other actors, too. This may be due to the fact that they eat more regularly and have their board and room supplied them during the period of rehearsals. They are remarkably heavy and versatile eaters. I know, because I have to carry it to them. Before each performance I go down into the rathskeller under the Hippodrome where the girls are parked, and get their orders. They are not particularly fussy in their taste for food. They eat newspapers—Hearst's and all. They have a veritable passion for watermelon. It makes no difference in what condition the watermelons are. They love the rind, seeds and all foreign matter adhering to the outside. In fact, if given their choice, they would pick a watermelon with a nice garnishing of mud on the rind in preference to one more exquisitely tailored.

I attribute my success in handling these ladies in a large measure to my generosity in feeding them. I have seen some of their human sisters on the stage who were susceptible to the same method of approach. Money, however, means nothing to them. Roxie would be frightfully offended if I ever attempted to offer her money for any favor she might do me. But a watermelon,—well, there are limits, even to an elephant's *hauteur*. If the conclusion may be drawn that the way to an elephant's heart is through its stomach, statistics could be compiled to prove that it is a long, long trail.

MY method of dealing with them is contrary to the popular conception of animal training. I never use the "steel." I do not snarl at them. Oh, no! I hug them instead. It is necessary to hug an elephant in instalments, first on one side of the neck and then on the other, but it is a very successful method, and if accompanied by a friendly flow of conversation, such as "Atta girl, Roxie," and "Well hopped, Jennie," there is practically nothing that they will not do for me. I expect to have Lena reciting "Casey At the Bat" by Christmas.

They have none of that professional jealousy so common among actresses. If Julia gets a "hand," Roxie does not go to the manager and insist that the successful business be cut out of Julia's part and given to her. There is no squabbling about the location of the spot-light. Each does her act and lets it go at that, without making any noise about it. Roxie has a certain asthmatic note which she sounds occasionally, but it is not in the nature of a complaint.

It is merely her way of saying, "Let's eat, DeWolf."

In spite of the general belief that elephants are endowed with a tremendous strength and ability to stand any strain, I have found that the girls in my company are extremely liable to fatigue. They once marched in a Liberty Loan parade from 44th to 14th Street, and return, and they were absolute wrecks when they got back. They had sore feet, lame backs and fallen arches. They could do nothing but sit around and moan for two or three days. I have never seen any girls so depleted and dejected as they were after that parade.

I AM pleading the elephants' cause because they have always treated me white. I recall one performance when Lena was doing her evening squat over my prostrate form. It was early in the season, and she hadn't quite got the range down exactly. Now it so happened that the man who first trained Lena had very small feet, some eight inches shorter than mine (I can't see how the man walked on such short feet) and, consequently, before Lena had reached what she considered the limit of her descent, my toes came in contact with her auxiliary stomach. Realizing that my feet were impeding her squatting process, I moved them slightly to get them out of the way, but Lena detected the movement, slight as it was, and immediately raised her body, fearing that she might be hurting me. She is as gentle with me as a society woman with her pedigreed Pom.

I have been asked if I am not afraid of my elephants. I might be, were it not for the fact that I am somewhat of a fatalist. If Lena is going to do me dirt and sit on me with all her might, some night,—why, it will simply mean the end of a promising stage career (mine, not Lena's). But I am taking my chance with Lena. I would rather take a chance on my life with her than I would with about thirteen English-speaking actresses whom I could name on my fingers and toes.

Mr. Dillingham, the cultivated manager of the Hippodrome, once told Mr. Burnside (the director) at a rehearsal, that I would certainly be a tractable member of the cast. "You can make Hopper do anything," he said. "Make him sweep out the lobby, pick up programs from under the seats after the performance, or do anything at all that has to be done. If he refuses to do it, just tell him that I will take the elephants away from him."

And, much as I hate to admit it, Mr. Dillingham has the whip-hand over me.



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Exclusive footwear for Women.



The Drunkard's Child

(Continued from page 61)

is still sewing dress shields in the next room. Ah! What a terrible night for a child of six and a half. For one hour I have been seeking the means by which I shall deliver my mother from my unworthy and dissolute father.

THE UNWORTHY FATHER (*talking in his sleep*)

Sheep?—Sheep in my home?

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD

The monster is talking in his sleep. Oh! my poor little sheep! by the brilliant flashes of lightning I perceive all that remains of my little Noah's ark which my unworthy father has so pitilessly destroyed. Only one little tree has survived the massacre. (*He picks it up.*) Oh! can this be an inspiration from Above? A sudden idea has crossed my childish brain. I have found the

means by which we shall be delivered of the presence of our unworthy father—and husband. (*He stands the little tree carefully on the drunkard's forehead.*) I once read, in a learned book, that lightning invariably kills people who shelter themselves under a tree during a thunderstorm.—But let me now remove myself. (*He places himself at a distance. Suddenly a great clap of thunder resounds. The lightning strikes the little tree and kills the unworthy father.*)

THE POOR MOTHER (*rushing in*)
Heavens! What has happened, my child?

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD
Mother, be happy! Papa is completely carbonized.

Curtain

Cupid HATS



William Rosenblum & Co.

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NEW YORK CITY

THREE INTERESTING NEW VOLUMES

FRANCE-AMÉRIQUE, 1776-1789-1917, with French translation by P. H. Toyson, English translation by J. H. Woods, and illustrations by Bernard Naudin, adds notably to the sum of evidence of the growing fraternity of France and the United States. This volume, which is an exceptionally fine example of French printing, contains, printed in both French and English, four of the great political documents of these countries,—“The Declaration of Independence,” the French “Declaration des Droits de l’Homme,” President Wilson’s Message to Congress on the Declaration of War, and the reply of ex-Premier Ribot for France. The third great ally is remembered in the dedication to “Old England, mother of every existing democracy and leader in the defence of the right.” The book thus forms a finely planned memento of the great events which are moving the world, an abiding proof that the bonds between the Allies is a common love of freedom and justice, nurtured through centuries of national growth.

In form the book is worthy of its high mission. Of a heavy hand-made paper, it is handsomely printed in two colours and two types,—one a severe Roman type and the other a delicately graceful one which recalls the type in use in the fine printing of Revolutionary days. Naudin’s illustrations in pen and ink interpret the spirit of the text. Worthy of special note are the two sketches which head the English and the French texts of President Wilson’s message. That above the English text characterizes plainly the attitude of the United States as a neutral. The sheathed sword and the olive branch lie upon the portfolio of diplomatic correspondence, and beside them are writing materials and a ponderous tome which might stand for that international law to which this nation so often and so vainly called the attention of “the Imperial German Government.” The sketch above the French text signifies the complete change which came with Germany’s final declaration of ruthless submarine warfare. Books are swept aside, olive branches have vanished, diplomatic correspondence is at an end, and service sword, cap, and gloves lie ready for instant use. A final clever touch in Naudin’s illustrations is the small sketch which decorates the back cover, symbolic of the end of the war, a thunderbolt breaking the chains of slavery.

When we consider the conditions under which this volume has been planned and carried out, in the midst of daily bombardments and nightly air raids, under all the difficulties of scarcity of labour, paper, and many another necessity, we render homage again to the indomitable spirit of France and to that French love of beauty which not even world war can drive aside from small *éditions de luxe* on special papers. But fifteen hundred copies of this book have been issued and the publisher announces that further editions will of necessity be on machine-made paper and printed in one colour only.

MUSICAL AUTOGRAMS

From the press of G. Schirmer, New York, there has lately come a book of which it may truthfully be said that the like has never been seen before. This is a series of “Musical Autograms,” being musical renderings of the signatures of certain famous men, “translated” by Winifred Edgerton Merrill and harmonized by Robert Russell Bennett.

The book suggests a new diversion with which one may pass away the evenings when the war is won and the universe at rest. It is that of deciphering the appropriate melody or the “musical silhouette” of one’s friends from their signatures, written over a music staff. This Mrs. Merrill has done in the present

volume on behalf of twenty men known in public life, and Mr. Bennett has most ingeniously provided the “autograms” with harmony and counterpoint. Let it be said that if the melodies are sometimes lacking a bit in grace and sequence, it is through no fault of the translator, who has followed her intricate rules in all conscience and fidelity.

What is more significant to the uninitiated reader is the vista of new possibilities which this volume opens before him. Henceforth, one may say with some measure of literal accuracy, “Woodrow Wilson surely sounds good to me.” One learns here that one should play John Wanamaker, “fervently,” Frank A. Munsey, “with the utmost grace,” and Theodore Roosevelt (who appears in ragtime guise), “with great energy.” Mr. Wilson goes, if not masterfully, at least “with deep feeling,” while Mr. Taft proceeds but “moderately,” and the Honorable Nicholas Murray Butler is “fantastically slow.”

One is loath to pass judgment on the ultimate scientific value of Mrs. Merrill’s discovery, which employs “the system of mathematical expression wherein the location of the notes is determined by the mathematician’s method of selecting the points determining essential properties of the lines or curves involved.” It is the result of a “mental search for co-ordinating elements in life experiences, in art forms, in the complexities of educational problems, always searching for a better understanding of the nature of things through some underlying unifying principle.” And such impulses are not to be validated in the musings of an idle hour.

CONCERNING THE ART OF COSTUME DESIGN

Costume Design and Illustration, by Ethel Traphagen, is a generously illustrated book written by an instructor on the subject for the benefit of students and practical workers, and the cause which it serves lies near to the heart of “Vogue.” It is a fact not always appreciated that a costume design or a fashion drawing may be a work of art, and the great value of this book lies in the fact that it not only appreciates that important point, but gives much clear and definite advice as to the attaining of so desirable an end. Greater opportunity than ever before lies at the doors of the young American designers of to-day, and much that Miss Traphagen has written will lend them aid in making the best use of that opportunity. The more practical side of fashion work is not neglected and even the methods of stereotyped catalogue work and newspaper advertising are made clear for the benefit of those who work in those remunerative, if less interesting, fields.

“The purpose of this book,” says the publisher’s announcement, “is to cover every phase of Costume Design and Costume Illustration in a concise and brief way. It is to make accessible to the reader the results of practical and mature experience.” This purpose the author has accomplished to so commendable an extent that her book should prove an invaluable manual of the subject. The first chapters of the book are given up to the technique of fashion drawing, discussing definitely and in detail sketching from life, drawing without models,—chancing,—and the method employed in fashion drawing, the mechanical aids, such as Ben Day, the Ross board, and the air brush, as well as the various fields of work open to the fashion artist. Cultivation of the aesthetic sense and of the individual gift are urged upon the artist. “The great thing,” says the author, “is to find out the method that is most natural to you and improve that to the utmost. Do not be discouraged if your forte is the delicate sketching line and if you do not succeed with the pre-

(Continued on page 85)

THREE INTERESTING NEW VOLUMES

(Continued from page 84)

cise mechanical one. Find the place that is waiting for you where your particular manner is needed."

Considerable space is given to textile designing, and the mechanical requirements and limitations of that branch of designing are made clear. One admirable chapter in colour follows, taking up the subject, not only from the point of view of colour harmonies and values, but from that of the printing of colour drawings as well, and there is a well-arranged chart to make clear the varying values of different colours when reproduced in black and white. The significance of colour and the sources of colour schemes are also discussed, and there is much detailed advice as to the mixing and applying of colours. An extremely interesting chapter is devoted to the fashion silhouette, and its course throughout the centuries is cleverly illustrated. The last chapter of the book presents a concise outline of historic costume from the Egyptian period to the Second Empire,—information of the greatest importance for those who would win success in fashion making or fashion drawing. The book is completed by an excellent bibliography and a list of artists whose work has bearing on the

subject of period fabric or costume, which will be very helpful as a reference.

Special mention should be made of the illustrations in this volume. They range from reproductions of fine old prints and paintings which show period costume to drawings which show the fashion work of notable artists of to-day, such as Lepape, Barbier, Erté, Drian, Helen Dryden, and Brunelleschi.

Best of all, the author takes her stand firmly for individuality and imagination in both costume design and fashion drawing. "The designer," she tells us, "has such an immense storehouse from which to draw that, when his eyes are once opened to the endless treasures that are waiting to inspire him, his world is as full of wonders as the vaulted chambers of the Forty Thieves, or the untold treasures in the cavern of Aladdin. Appreciation is needful, and it is necessary to gain this love and understanding of the beautiful which comprise what we call taste." And she adds the telling statement of Paul Poiret, "There are gowns which express joy of life; those which announce catastrophe; gowns that weep; gowns romantic; gowns full of mystery; and gowns for the Third Act."

DON'T WASTE PAPER— IT MEANS COAL

"Save waste paper," says the Government. "Yes, Madame. But don't waste paper in the first place."

You know about the coal shortage. You knew last winter when it was too late for you to do anything but shiver. Now you know that Dr. Garfield threatens you with being colder still before the spring. But you know in time to do your part to prevent it.

Vogue is giving you a whole article on saving coal. But in the meantime—did you know that it takes three pounds of that same precious coal to make every pound of paper?

In addition, it takes many thousands of men. And it takes railroad cars that are needed not only for the transportation of men, food, and munitions, but for the transportation of coal. For car-shortage is in a large part responsible for coal-shortage.

Make up your mind that, so far as you personally are concerned, you won't waste any more coal in the form of paper. Don't waste a single sheet of note-paper by using only one side of it—and then using another sheet. Don't let your grocery man use yards and yards of wrapping paper doing up groceries that are already sealed in packages of their own at the factory. Don't throw away wrapping paper. Smooth it out, and keep it to use again. Don't allow magazines to be thrown into the fire; send them to the soldiers. Don't throw away even newspapers; if there isn't a society in your town that collects and re-sells waste paper, organize one.

A small-town society so organized has secured the co-operation of the community to the extent of a bag in almost every home. Into this bag goes even the smallest scrap of paper, down to a bit of torn envelope. On Saturdays, the school children call for the bags, the paper is sold, and a substantial sum of money is realized.

We've learned as a nation to conserve wheat, meat, sugar. We must learn to conserve coal. Let's begin to-day on paper.



Satin seems to make a becoming style more becoming; it lends itself to *your* particular style. That is the beauty of Goetz* Satin. No matter what the style, the color, the season, Goetz Satin gives of its softness and lustrous finish to make your clothes distinctive.

Your favorite store doubtless has Goetz Satin—just ask them to show you the Satin with the word "Goetz" woven in white in the selvage. Whatever the use, whether for dresses, blouses, skirts, petticoats or linings, be sure that you buy Goetz All Silk Satin. It is so dependable.

GOETZ SILK MFG. CO.
New York

GOETZ
All Silk Satin

KNIT YOUR BIT FOR THE
RED CROSS

*"Gets"

Artists and Art Patrons

(Continued from page 73)

new talent?" you would say. "The element we need is an unguided clairvoyance on the part of the rich man himself."

THERE is a risk in all true art patronage which no middleman can take. The near-priest is a good adviser about *objects*, but he cannot choose *artists*. If the middleman says to Mr. Maecenas, or to Mr. Rothschild, or to any powerful benevolent artistic person, "Buy that bronze Hermes," he is safe, because he knows the bronze to be a genuine Giovanni da Bologna. But, if he says, "Employ Mr. Jones, Jones is the rising man," he is unsafe, because Jones *may* prove to be a failure. Thus it comes about that the patron who is dying to encourage art, and thinks he is encouraging art, becomes, under the influence of his chaplain, the encourager of the antiquity shops.

There hangs about the word *patron* a historic odium, due to practices of those ages in which literature was patronized by the great. In those ages it was found that a writer could always become useful to his patron by turning sycophant. The rich men of old—the patrons of literature—soon discovered that the philosopher flattered: the historian lied. In each case the man's art (his writing) was at war with his employment.

But, with the fine arts (even with poetry), the case is far different. The assisted painter, poet, sculptor, becomes, perhaps, a little enslaved, but he is not artistically corrupted: his *art* is not enslaved.

SO, in spite of all that has been said against art patrons and art patronage—and in favor of institutions and popular art—I doubt whether any institution can supply the place of the right kind of Maecenas. The position of Maecenas gives play to natural selection and to the early favoring of talent. He alone can bear the immense outlay of cash which is required to foster an artist. And, above all, he alone has no conventional duties. He can throw the whole power of his own personality—his own genius, perhaps—into some inspired direction which his impulse discovers.

Without disparaging schools and museums, we must admit that there is a wide field of art that they do not fill.

If you take down the Encyclopædia Britannica and look up, at random, the biography of any man of very great special gifts who has during the last three hundred years made his mark in music or painting, you will find that he has almost always had early help from a patron. The elements have been given him as a present. His opportunity has been paid for by a friend.

The power to discern talent in others is a gift, and an inspiration—like talent itself. This power has always existed as a living part of the fine arts, and has often been the precursor of them. One cannot help feeling that this kind of personal encouragement to artists is certain to arise in an age like the present, when many men of wealth are passionately devoted to art, immensely benevolent, and—so far as their lights go—perfectly courageous.

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The First Night Flight

(Continued from page 59)

tions for the start the moon had become covered with a thin cloud. I thought of De Clerck's warning.

"I trust he will come down soon," I said to my neighbor, "if not, lost in the fog, he'll not see our fires on the ground, and if he cannot see the landing place, he will surely be killed."

The noise of the motor was no longer so intense. Mouchard was getting farther away. My heart filled with anguish. I got a feeling that he was never to return.

Presently I could hear nothing. The moon was gone, the night was dark. "My God," I thought. "They are lost."

ALL of a sudden I noticed above the horizon about four miles away, a light, like a tiny shooting star travelling toward the ground at an angle of 45 degrees. A moment later, a big glow lighted up the atmosphere.

Petrified with horror, I squeezed the arm of the man who stood nearest me. "He has fallen! Look! His machine is in flames!"

"Impossible!"

"What else can it be? We can no longer hear the noise of his motor."

We all jumped into our motor cars and raced for the spot where the flames were blazing up.

Alas! It was indeed Mouchard. There, in the snow, wounded and burned, lay both men. They had been gone only ten minutes.

We put out the flames as quickly as possible, at the imminent risk of burning ourselves. Then we took them out of the smoking debris of the machine, which was completely destroyed. We laid them near by on the ground, tragically illuminated by the flames of the burning gasoline.

General Bouel, commanding an army corps in that region, happened to pass at that moment. He stood, with his hat in his hand, saluting these two dead heroes, dead for the defense of their country.

So great was our consternation, that none of us could take his eyes or thoughts away from this heroically tragic drama. The tricolor on the rudder, spared by the flames, shone with glory like a pure symbol. The snow still fell—the heavens themselves seemed to weep.

LATER, the two bodies, side by side, lay in state in the chateau, and were watched by two officers until the time of the funeral, when three pilots flew around overhead scattering flowers, while the dead received the supreme honors.

The two heroes now repose in the Lepine cemetery near Chalons, in the shadows of the marvelous Gothic Church there, which the Germans spared, no one knows why. A large oak cross, not far from there, in an open field, indicates the place of their fall.

The Art of Adventure

And the Life and Character of Cunninghame Graham

By ARTHUR SYMONDS

BOOKS of travel, as a rule, are among the books which are not books. They have their interest, as such books may easily have, but it is an interest which has nothing to do with literature, an interest of no more serious a kind than that of a newspaper or a conversation. We read them, as we might read a book on botany or natural history, requiring little of the author beyond a strict veracity.

But a book of travel, as Fromentin, first and best of all, has shown us, and, after him, Gautier, and other occasional travellers, chiefly French, may be much more than this—may, in a very fine sense, be literature, a work of art, in which the author counts for more than the subject. Such, in its degree, is the book which Mr. Cunninghame Graham has published under the name of "Moghreb-el-Aksa"—that is, the Far West. Its art is of a singular, sophisticated kind—so sophisticated, that it may seem to be employed on no more than a mere straightforward narrative of an unsuccessful journey into the interior of Morocco. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham is a man of many disguises, and his portrait in Arab costume as Sheikh Mohammed-el-Fasi at the beginning of the book is the record of but one among them. A few years ago, a full-length portrait of him was to be seen in one of the exhibitions; was it not by Mr. Lavery? The man is seen in that portrait: a dainty cavalier, in shining leggings, perfectly alert, and perfectly conscious of the natural elegance of his pose. He has acted in public, in many little dramas, always with sincerity. He has an exquisitely keen sense of adventure, knowing it to be the most delightful play in the world, and dignifying it, as play can be dignified, by the seriousness of his attitude.

HE has an immense interest in people, in things, in the whole varied world which is our playground; is learned in many matters, both those which are and those which are not of the order of wayfaring; and he has gone out to seek adventure in a perfectly prepared state of mind, ready for it in every sense. To every man adventure brings what he has to give it. To the merely and grossly adventurous person it is no more than a kind of athletics, which might as well have been indulged in at home. To the instructed student of the world, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, it unfolds page after page of a new volume of the world's book, before one who can read the language in which those pages are written.

In his preface, Mr. Cunninghame Graham tells us: "Writers, I take it, firstly write to please themselves, if not, 'tis ten to one their writing pleases nobody. Following my postulate, I have set down that which pleased me upon my pilgrimage, hoping that it may please at least two or three who, like myself, have wandered. Therefore, in this, my modest book of travels, I have tried

to write after the fashion that men speak over the fire at night, their pipes alight, hands on their rifles, boots turned towards the blaze, ears strained to catch the rustle of a leaf, and with the tin tea mug stopped on its journey to the mouth when horses snort; I mean I strove to write down that which I saw without periphrasis, sans flag-wagging, and with no megrim in my head of having been possessed by some great moral purpose, without which few travellers presume to leave their homes."

NO better description of what he has done could be made than this description of what he has aimed at doing. But note that significant "I have tried to write" after such an honest fashion. He is no bluff Englishman, who lets out the truth in a sturdy, unconscious way. He is a dilettante in the method of being spontaneous, like a clever child that knows exactly how far it may allow itself to be quite natural—that is to say, capricious.

Mr. Graham thinks petulantly, but he thinks; he thinks with "his eye on the object," and always with some engaging prejudice at the back of his mind. He is the most prejudiced of all really impartial observers; like Borrow, his humour is prejudice. And, again like Borrow, his style is a mannerism, living though it is, and almost directly though it conveys sensation to paper.

To interesting personalities, who have a sense of art, but are not elaborately trained men of letters, mannerism is indispensable; for mannerism, if often not a good way, and never quite the best way, is at least a personal way of expressing oneself. And Mr. Graham always expresses himself in a personal way; is always like some vivid friend talking at one's side. And at his best, he has the quality of bringing remote scenes before us, with all the heat of an adventure actually happening, and with a more exciting interest than perhaps any writer of the day, with the one exception of Joseph Conrad, of whom his writing sometimes reminds us.

Mr. Conrad is a creative artist, while Mr. Graham is a chronicler of personal adventure; but there is something in both of that fine, subtle recklessness in writing English, which is a singularly exhilarating quality when used as both use it, in the record of life lived rapidly, unthinkingly, in the presence of danger, with the hand on bridle or tiller.

IT is from such writers that we learn, among other useful lessons, that life may be more than books, but that books made cunningly out of life can recapture almost the whole of its escaping present. A more fortunate traveller might have reached Tarudant, which Mr. Graham did not reach; but unless he had been a better artist, and of precisely this kind, we should have known less of Morocco than we know from Mr. Graham's narrative of an interrupted journey, and certainly less than we know of the soul and nerves of a man.



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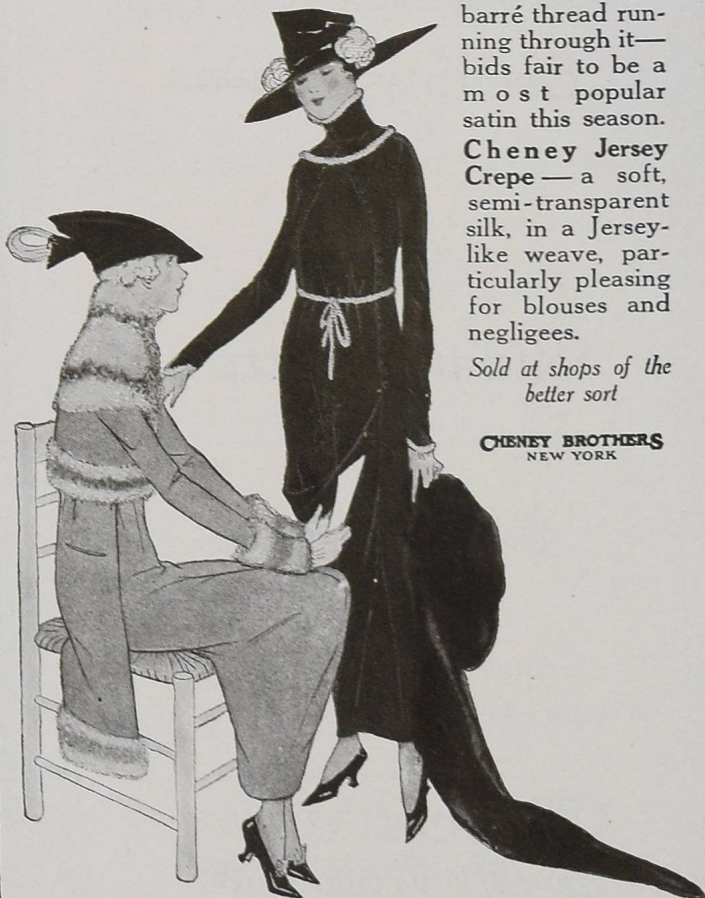
Cheney Rubaya—the first all-silk cloth that looks just like the finest French serges, wool-conserving and ideal for the new styles in dresses, capes and suits.

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but Mary Servoss is the American
socialist delegate in "Watch Your
Neighbor," that wild and fascinat-
ing melodrama of spies and Secret
Service*

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 66)

son of the fact that, though he falls in love with her at sight, he honestly believes himself to be another man.

The audience is early invited to guess whether the hero is actually Richard Trent or Richard Craven; and the solution of this mystery is skilfully withheld until the final act. The ultimate answer to the riddle is no less satisfactory than unexpected. Meanwhile, many opportunities have been offered to the authors for toying with the unusual idea of an undetermined personality; and these opportunities are effectively developed, particularly on the desired side of humour. The part of the bewildered hero was beautifully played by Lionel Atwill; and the cast, considered as a whole, was adequate to the occasion.

"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE"

"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE", by Roland West and Carlyle Moore, is a rabid melodrama which appears to have entranced, with a scarcely predated quickness, the fancy of the populace. The hero is first revealed as a mild and modest inventor who spends so many hours in his scientific laboratory that his comparatively flashy wife has ample leisure to ally herself with another man. To get rid of the husband, this villain plans a crime and "frames up" his innocent rival as the apparently guilty party. The amiable scientist is plunged into jail; the villain marries the erstwhile wife of the inventor; and, in the long leisure of his enforced confinement, the hero is afforded ample time to perfect the big idea that has long been hovering in the background of his brain.

He invents an unknown "purple ray" that will render him invisible; and, after his ultimate release from prison, he employs this mystic light to help him in a series of robberies designed to ruin his rival and to reduce his former wife to desperation. The narrative idea of a person made invisible by mystic means was launched, half a century ago, by Fitz-James O'Brien; but it has seldom been employed behind the footlights. The working out of this idea, in the present case, is adequately clever; and the re-

sultant melodrama is, therefore, worthy of attention.

The stage-management of the mystic "purple ray" was not yet under adequate control on the early occasion when the present commentator saw the piece; but the project was materially aided by the finished acting of Richard Bennett in the rôle of the inventor. As was easily apparent, from an observation of the faces of the gathered audience, "The Unknown Purple" registered one of the earliest and most complete "successes" of the entire year.

"JONATHAN MAKES A WISH"

STEVENSON once wrote to Barrie,—"Thomas affects me as a lie—I beg your pardon; doubtless he was somebody you knew; that leads people so far astray. The actual is not the true."

While listening to the gradual delivery of the text of "Jonathan Makes a Wish", the present commentator was haunted by a feeling that the basic trouble with the play was that it was too authentically autobiographic. In telling this tale of a shiftless but imaginative little boy who was accustomed to play with a toy-theatre and aspired, in his fancy, to become in after years an accredited manager of big theatric projects, Mr. Stuart Walker was evidently dallying with a delicate chapter of personal reminiscence. He revealed his very heart, most frankly, to the public; but the casual and careless audience remained deaf to this appeal, because, as Stevenson remarked, "the actual is not the true".

Mr. Stuart Walker is almost a poet; and that little qualifying word—"almost"—is the one thing that has hitherto impeded him from realizing his obviously worthy aspirations. "Jonathan Makes a Wish" came very near to being a work of unquestionable loveliness. It was so nearly fine that, if only it could have been regarded as a little finer, it might have been accepted as a veritable contribution to the poetry of the present era. Mr. Walker, as a writer, is endowed with a sufficiency of charm; but he seems still to lack that sturdier attribute which was

(Continued on page 89)



Maurice Goldberg

Eileen Huban played the society farmerette in "Crops and Croppers," the rather slight piece with which Iden Payne launched his new repertory company at the Belmont Theatre

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 88)

described by the late Lord Tennyson as "guts". His flitting fancies are lovely enough, when regarded as matters that are merely intended to be decorative; but his basical imagination seems still deficient in that weighty quality which makes for sturdiness.

The production of this play disclosed a well-trained taste for every scenical expedient of visual appeal; and the practiced voices of the actors revealed a central purpose to fly the flag of culture throughout the course of the performance.

"FOREVER AFTER"

IT now appears that the "movies" can no longer be regarded as an inconsiderable training-school for prospective artists on the speaking stage. Sidney Drew, for instance, has become a better craftsman because of his long course of rehearsal before the camera; and Alice Brady has become a better actress because of her arduous period of experience as a motion picture "star".

At any rate, it is no longer possible to ignore the fact that Alice Brady is an actress who is capable of putting forth a positive appeal to the theatre-going public. Her well-considered and beautiful performance in "Forever After" is a thing to celebrate; and scarcely less worthy of commemoration is the performance of Conrad Nagel in the part that stands opposite to hers.

The piece itself, which was written by Owen Davis, is inconsiderable from any permanent point of view; but it reveals, at least, a greater tendency toward earnestness than has hitherto been shown in any of the hundred compositions of this ever-ready writer. "Forever After" is almost a good play; and it is acted and presented particularly well by a very competent cast.

"ONE OF US"

"ONE OF US," by Jack Lait, adds another item to the long list of antecedent plays that have started out in the slums and ended up in the even more fictitious regions of high society. The author, in this instance, remained on fruitful ground so long as he concerned himself directly with the hectic night-life of Chicago; but, when he attempted to transfer the setting of his story to the Lake Shore Drive, he waded beyond his depth. This "metropolitan comedy" was

truthful enough on its lower level, but became untruthful so soon as the spectator was asked to accept it as a record of existing conditions in the higher circles of society. A story that remained sufficiently impregnable while regarded merely as a basis for aerial bombardments with the ready bombs of satire was rapidly reduced to nothingness when the critical spectator was invited to review it as a record of experience.

"THE WALK-OFFS"

"THE WALK-OFFS" was written by Frederic and Fanny Hatton and was produced by Oliver Morosco. This fabric is so hopeless from any point of view that is permitted to a critical commentator that there seems to be no reason for thundering against it with unprecedented emphasis. These authors have managed to make money, from the very start of their endeavours, by catering to the prurient imagination of the general public, by pretending to reveal the secret vices of polite society.

"The Walk-Offs" is more clumsy in construction and more dull in dialogue than any of their antecedent plays. It is memorable only for its monumental exhibition of a lack of breeding. It is a bad play, not only from the point of view of structure and style, but also from the point of view of taste and tact. Henceforth, whenever the collaborative names of Frederic and Fanny Hatton are emblazoned on the bill-boards, well-bred gentlemen and ladies will be sufficiently informed to stay away.

"CROPS AND CROPPERS"

IDEN PAYNE attempted to initiate a repertory season at the Belmont Theatre by producing a piece entitled "Crops and Croppers," by Theresa Helburn. Because of Mr. Payne's past efforts, everybody wished him well; but it was difficult, for even the most friendly of his critics, to excuse the unaccountable aberration which led him to accept this trivial and worthless manuscript. No play that has ever been presented in the region of Broadway has looked more amateurish or more hopelessly incompetent. Miss Helburn seemed actually unacquainted with those elementary strategic tricks which enable a playwright to get his characters on and off the stage.

(Continued on page 90)

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BOYLSTON STREET - BOSTON

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

(Continued from page 89)

Like any other amateur, she was copiously ready to write dialogue to cover up the fact that every interesting incident in her imagined story was presumed to happen off the stage; and the fluency of her dialogue may account for the mistake of Mr. Payne in accepting "Crops and Croppers" for production. But the play was very bad, from first to last; and even the performance was disappointing. It was inconceivable, for instance, that Eileen Huban, who speaks with a rich Irish brogue, should be accepted by the listening public as the sister of Louise Cook, who speaks with an accent that is exaggeratedly local. The language of the Bowery and of Killarney are two different phenomena; and these languages can not be spoken pointedly by sisters that are presumed to have grown up together in the same family in New York.

"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS"

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS has been presented frankly as an operetta of the old-fashioned type that used to please the public before the

days when Gilbert and Sullivan soared into their prime. It offers, therefore, a restful relief from the jazz and jangle of the ordinary musical production that is offered on Broadway. The book, by Frederick Lonsdale, is coherently constructed; and no critic would be sufficiently captious to point a finger at the fact that the story has been obviously inherited from the dear old days of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas père. The hero of "The Maid of the Mountains" is no other person than our old and highly valued friend, Hernani.

This hero is acted, with his customary skill, by William Courtenay. Mr. Courtenay can not sing, and does not attempt to do so in the course of the current presentation. He merely wears the costumes and affects the attitudes of an heroic bandit to the heart's content. A sufficient amount of singing is accomplished by the other members of the cast; and it should be added that the music, composed by Harold Fraser-Simson, is eminently singable. Considered all in all, "The Maid of the Mountains" is a good old operetta of a good old-fashioned kind.

T H E A R T W A R R E L I E F

(Continued from page 57)

visualize closely the country in which they are fighting—for to many a boy from the flat Middle West, the accidented French landscape is difficult to visualize; for target designation according to the clock-face method in machine gun, artillery, and rifle practice; for panoramic sketching; for studying the general conformation and topographical features of the country; for working out problems of offence and defence. The French and British armies have been provided for many years with paintings and large lithographs for this purpose, but as there is, so far, nothing in the equipment provided by our Government to fill this need, the artists are giving these painted landscapes as presents to the officers of the companies. Our Government does not accept presents.

The Poster Committee cooperates with the Division of Pictorial Publicity of which Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is Chairman, and has been able to help many applicants to obtain posters for organizations doing war work, has placed posters received where they could be used to the best advantage if not reproduced for Government work, and has assisted artists wishing to render volunteer service.

In addition to work of this sort the Art War Relief does regular Red Cross work such as making surgical dressings and making hospital and children's garments and knitting. During the summer they were made Reclamation Centre No.

2, for the reclaiming of soldier's uniforms, which means that they did the family mending for sixty-eight hundred soldiers—a family that filled the camps and cantonments around New York and which is proverbially hard on its clothes. The Government especially approves of this work as it conserves material and helps in the tremendous task of fitting out new recruits.

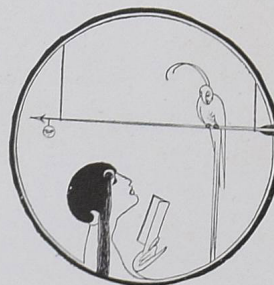
Beside this reclamation work, the Art War Relief has made clothing for the children of the restored villages of France and for the refugees. Charming little dresses for children have been made from worn clothing. Creations have been evolved which the Art War Relief calls "thrift shirts" for babies, made from old stockings, but which are certainly attractive enough to serve as "silk tricot" dresses for some little French baby born since the Germans have begun their retreat to the Hindenburg line. Serviceable dresses for children a bit older have been made from men's shirts, and little coats from skirts that have been sent in in good condition. A new department, "The Children of the Allies", has been organized under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Jules Guérin.

Through the courtesy of Maison Maurice and Mr. Louis Hass, the Art War Relief occupies its spacious loft rooms at 661 Fifth Avenue, free of charge. All clothing or donations of any kind should be sent to this address.

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On an inspiring ground of terra cotta satin these nymphs in black and white dance to the sound of festive pipes

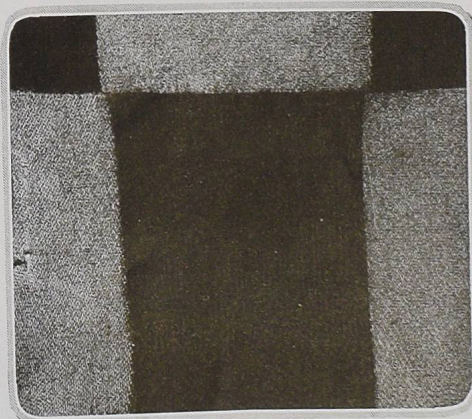
NEW FABRICS *from* BIANCHINI

THIS is certainly the day of the stripe. There are stripes of all sorts and sizes on materials in general, and gold and silver stripes on crêpe de Chine, in particular. One often sees, too, very fine cheques on satin, like the chequed foulards that are so popular. Metal embroideries are used on soft satin crêpe—in fact, metal thread is used on everything—even on voiles and marquisettes.

"Mosaïque," one of the new materials, has a gold or silver ground with a coat-of-mail design woven in colours, but this is used only for very elegant costumes. Velvets with satin or faille stripes of different widths, such as were woven thirty years ago, are very fashionable.

The variations of velvet are endless,—for instance, plush designs on a gold or silver background are shown, and embossed velvets are used a great deal for coats. Brocade is seen in many novel forms; something very new is a single brocaded flower used as a motif. Poiret has used a brocaded rose in this way. Brocaded motifs suggesting tapestry are popular, but perhaps the very newest brocade is one in the style of a Pompeian frieze. A new material which combines crêpe de Chine and lustreless satin crêpe is very charming. Another new fabric—a very beautiful velvety crêpe,—has a design called "camouflage."

Ribbons are very lovely this year. One
(Continued on page 92)



The lighter coloured squares are of silky texture; the darker have the mat finish of velours; the whole is black



Soft woodsy browns lightening to white and darkening to soot colour make a charming mixture that might well be called "Camouflage"



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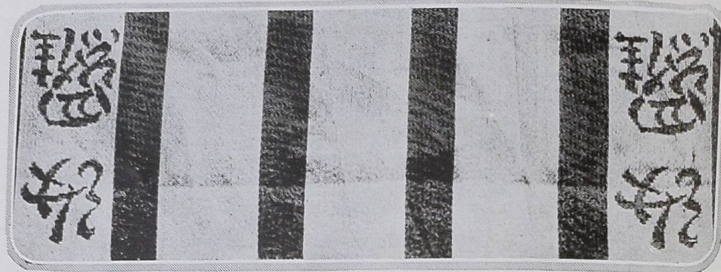


The regulations of our select finishing schools for young ladies demand a certain tailored simplicity of dress whether for school-room wear, in sports clothes, or in dinner frocks.

Through our representatives who are in constant touch with such institutions, we are enabled to keep thoroughly informed as to their individual requirements and to advise with our patrons concerning the proper apparel.

DE PINNA

5th Avenue at 50th Street
NEW YORK



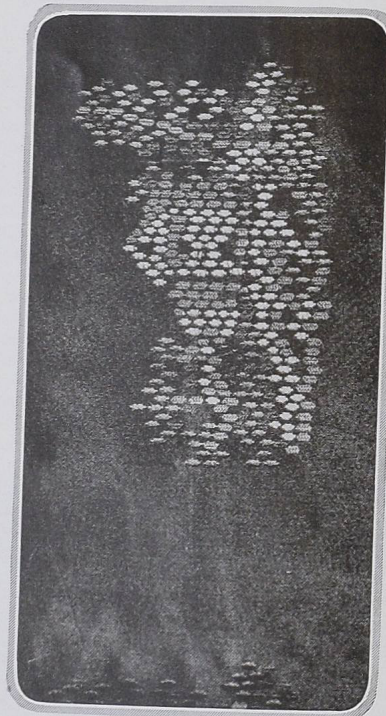
Broad stripes of gold, narrow stripes of black, and, on the gold margin, a Chinese inscription that reads, "This ribbon makes you beautiful"

NEW FABRICS FROM BIANCHINI

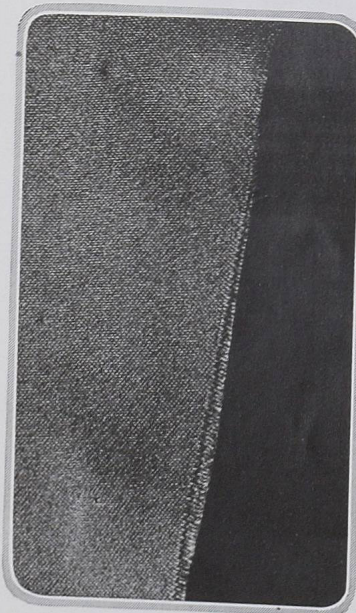
(Continued from page 91)

with metal stripes is edged with the inscription in real Chinese letters, "This ribbon makes you beautiful." Some of the new ribbons have stripes and motifs in gold and silver; some are embroidered to imitate birds' feathers; and others are distinctively embroidered with dolphins.

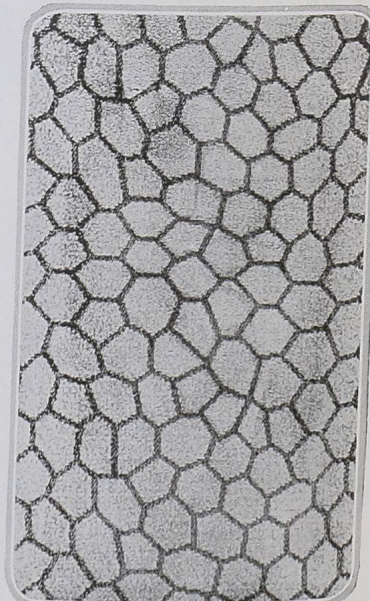
The following are some of the new materials: "Rosalba," which is like silk alpaca; "Fairy satin," which is a lighter material than any we have ever had before; "Diamond satin," which is particularly soft and brilliant; and "Seduisia," a brilliant satin with a wool back.



On a plum background grows a flower made of tan and green spots



An unusual black material is satin on one side and the softest of wool velours when one turns it over



Gold and black is this honeycomb pattern with metal threads that shine like sunshine on snow

The Art of Acting in the Movies

(Continued from page 50)

in the days before the discovery of the kinetoscope.

Nothing, I am sure, would have given Calvé greater joy than to have punctuated her triumphant operatic appearances with opportunities to give full expression to her emotional genius in the movies, provided, of course, that she had a "screen" face and a "screen" personality: for one may be as beautiful as the morning star, possess the combined histrionic genius of a Bernhardt and a Duse, have the carriage and presence of a queen, and yet, by some unexplained trick of photography, appear like a washerwoman on the screen. It is no exaggeration to say that half of our most beautiful and most talented stars of the speaking stage have proved absolute failures on the screen.

If one has the most essential of all attributes for success in the movies—a screen personality—the technicalities of acting are not so different from that of the spoken stage as one might expect. Of course, there are many little things that one must learn—not to open one's mouth wide when making the motions of speech; not to look at the camera; and always to remember, as in the pantomime, that all thought, ideas and expression must be translated into action.

THE greatest difference, perhaps, lies in the make-up, always an important element in the theatrical profession. The size of the Metropolitan Opera House makes color-vividness an essential factor in "getting over". So, cheeks are rouged in an exaggerated way; eye-lashes are heavily beaded, and the outlines of the mouth accentuated by the deepest tones of carmine. Of course, the strong "overheads," and footlights of the operatic stage, tone down these glaring effects so that a make-up that appears fantastic and bizarre when seen at close range looks perfectly natural to the audience in the opera house.

In the movies very little color make-up is used. On the contrary, any natural roses one may possess in one's cheeks are obliterated by a heavy, creamish paste, uniformly applied. Since red, the color, photographs black, rouge on one's cheeks would give the appearance of deep hollows, on the screen. The rouge, instead of being applied to one's cheeks, is worked in very carefully under one's eye-brows, for that is where shadows are desired. Everything is based on the photographic principles of black and white. The eye-lashes and eye-brows are darkened a little, but no more cosmetic is applied than would be needed by a somewhat faded woman at a dinner party.

On the screen every little imperfection of contour or make-up is, of course, magnified, so that the aim of the player should be to look as natural as possible.

What it loses in color and in sound, the photo-drama has to make up in speed and in action. By alternating the scenes rapidly, flash after flash, we are treated to a conversation between scenes and places rather than between the actors. By alternating a flash of the heroine, for instance, and a flash of the bracelet that is the clue to a dastardly murder, we have the heroine's soliloquy.

IT takes anywhere from six weeks to six months of study and rehearsal, to bring an untried opera to a sufficient state of perfection for its first public performance. At every presentation thereafter, it must be reproduced faithfully in all its elaborate details of scenery, costuming, singing, acting, lighting, and stage management.

In the movies, it takes about six weeks to film a complete photo-drama, but, after that, thousands of copies are distributed all over the world, and more than a million performances are given, without further trouble to the actors,

directors or any of the participants involved.

It is truly marvelous!

Moving picture acting is much like the acting in the so-called *commedia dell'arte*, which flourished throughout Italy during the 16th century. A synopsis of the play—partly narrative and partly expository—was posted up behind the scenes. This account of what was to happen on the stage was known technically as a *scenario*. The actors consulted this scenario before they made an entrance and then, in acting out the scene, spoke whatever words happened to seem appropriate to them.

Technically, the same thing happens in the movies, with this difference: the action of the movie does not, like that of the spoken stage, march forward and gather momentum as it approaches its climax. Continuity of plot, while a film drama is in rehearsal, is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. Indeed, the scenes are acted bit by bit—rehearsed many times over—and, as each bit becomes perfect (in the eyes of the director), it is registered on the film and then forgotten.

Oftentimes, for practical reasons, the tail-end of the story is enacted first, and the beginning not touched until the last day of rehearsal.

And here is where the director makes himself felt. He must not only see that the plot of the scenario is logically worked out, despite the rather inverted, illogical method of rehearsal, but he must so enthrall, and hypnotize his players, that he will infallibly bring them to the creative pitch required for effective and telling acting.

If a motion picture star has this self-starting dynamo, or power of self-hypnosis within her, so that she need not rely on the director for her artistic stimulus, so much the better for her and for all concerned.

The photo-drama is the most intimate form of the drama. It brings a star dangerously close to her audience. For instance, one may see a star in the opera, or on the stage, for years, without knowing that she has a most ravishing dimple at the corner of her mouth; that her hair grows in a widow's peak; that her eye-lashes have an individual and utterly disarming way of curling upwards; that her finger-nails are exquisite, or that three or four freckles on her nose add a piquancy to her face that is extremely alluring.

There are a hundred intimate expressions of the eyes, the mouth, the hands, that can only be transmitted through the camera, and the strong and sometimes merciless light of the projection machine. And this is what the motion picture actress must clearly and everlastingly keep in mind—she is acting for an audience which is near enough to detect any insincerity of feeling; or any sham in make-up.

The drooping mouth and lifeless eyes which can be hidden under colorful make-up on the speaking stage, the faint lines that one gets around one's eyes from lack of sleep—all these things are accentuated and magnified on the screen.

ON the other hand, there are little movie studio secrets which are a great aid in obliterating defects of pulchritude, either temporary or permanent. Working on the principle that red photographs black, and that black (except against a light background) fades right into the atmosphere, rouge can often be successfully applied to blot out some offending portion of one's physiognomy. In order that I may not be accused of "giving away" the secrets of other film stars, I will tell a little story at my own expense. Recovering, this year, from a somewhat severe accident in Wyoming, I found that, although my nose was in its right (Continued on page 69)



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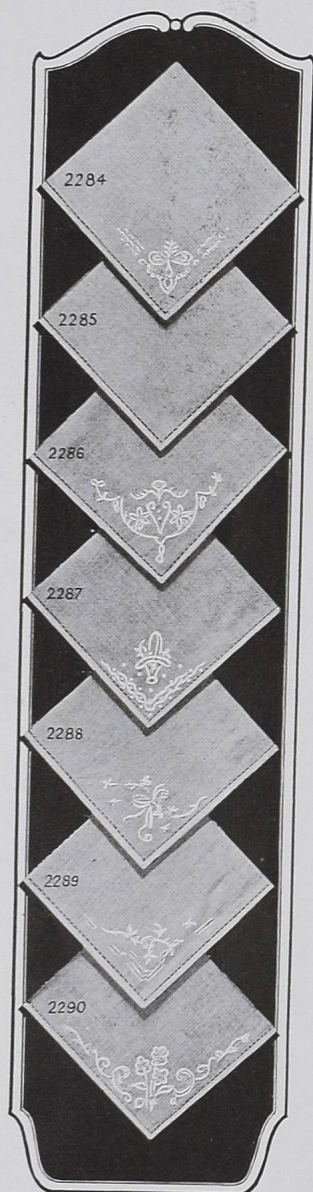
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The Art of Acting in the Movies

(Continued from page 93)

place, and quite normal, at a superficial glance, there appeared on it, upon a more critical scrutiny, a bump, hardly bigger than the head of a good sized pin. This bump, I discovered, on the screen, impaired the vaunted straightness of my erstwhile classic feature. The first thing I did was to consult a surgeon, who assured me that it was only a temporary disfigurement, caused by a slight blood congestion. Relieved on that score, I was put out to think that I would have to stop acting before the camera until the bump had disappeared.

So I told my trouble to Mr. Barker, our director. "Oh, we'll fix that all right," he said. "Come here and I'll paint it out for you!"

He then covered the disfigurement very carefully with some of my lip rouge, and, although it greatly accentuated the bump in my mirror, I was soon delighted to find that, on the screen, my nose had resumed its pristine outlines and proportions.

I told Mr. Barker that I felt a little like an impostor. He said that I had no reason to feel so, because a well known and extremely beautiful movie siren had been born with a much larger bump on her nose which she had, for ten years, blotted out on the screen by exactly the same process. He also told me of another lovely star who had always obliterated a slight double chin in precisely this fashion.

It is known that blue, except the very darkest shade of navy blue, photographs white, or light gray. Therefore screen actresses who possess blue eyes, with a grayish or greenish tint, have to use various means to prevent their eyes from fading out on the screen. The method I pursue is to apply a little rouge on the top of my eyelids, the contrasting tones helping to deepen the color of my eyes on the screen. In close-ups, a piece of black velvet is held before me to look at. This has the same effect upon the eyes as looking into the darkness; that is to say, the pupils become enlarged.

Actresses who have thin mouths can often so artfully apply rouge that their lips take on the form of cupid-bows. Personally, I use no rouge upon my lips at all, for they are rather full and curved and the added color makes them appear black on the screen, a very unbecoming shade for a mouth. I think over-rouging the lips is the most common fault of make-up among our better known screen actresses.

In asking me to write this story, the editor of Vanity Fair begged me to explain why it was that "so many film stars—whom the public know to be in the roaring forties—counting the years back to their first stage appearances, diamond robberies and divorce suits—could still take children's parts so realistically that even the Gerry Society was deceived by them?" He wanted to know whether any tricks in make-up were involved in the mystery.

I think that, on that score, he is over-suspicious. The stars he refers to are merely fortunate in retaining the juvenile contours of their faces and figures.

The conventional conception of a prima donna is that of a woman who is constantly swathed in cotton, timid and hating contact with actuality and life. It is a conception which, in connection with myself, I utterly abhor. I love action, danger, movement, life. When it was first announced that I was to do "Joan the Woman"—a great many scenes in the screen version of which are really fraught with physical danger—people wondered whether I would act out the scenes with real abandon, or merely shirk the vivid action scenes altogether. When the picture was finally finished and shown, I am sure that my audiences were convinced that even in the most risky scenes, I did not do things by halves.

MY second Goldwyn picture, "The Hell Cat," was filmed in Wyoming this summer and we spent the entire month of August in this truly wild and woolly country, living without many of the necessities and comforts which even little shop girls in New York are accustomed to. Our location, Valley Ranch, was fifteen miles from the Irma Hotel at Cody, and more than once we found ourselves in far from civilized surroundings. If it hadn't been for the fact that we all entered into this expedition with a spirit of true adventure and good-natured tolerance, I am quite sure we would all have come to grief.

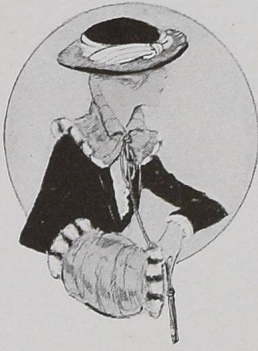
Several times during the very rough scenes in my various photoplays, I have been slightly injured, but never sufficiently to discourage future attempts at daring and realism. Only last summer, while we were making "The Hell Cat," I met with an accident which I thought would prove fatal to my looks, if not to my very existence. As the heroine of the drama, tied hand and foot, my only means of defying the villain was by biting him with my teeth and lunging at him with my head. During one of my most savage lunges, my face struck his head so forcibly that, in addition to my being knocked senseless, my nose was dislocated and, if it hadn't been for Mr. Tellegen's prompt and efficacious surgical ministrations, I do not know whether I would ever again have been able to face the camera, for the nearest physician was fifty miles away.

MY friends often ask me whether, in acting movie dramas, I do not miss the audiences and the applause? Since the mechanics of motion pictures are what they are, perhaps it is just as well that we cannot have audiences while we work in them. But if it were only possible to give a logical and sustained performance of the completed action of a photoplay before a representative movie audience, before the camera fixes it indelibly upon the film, it would be a tremendous help.

The presence of an audience is always a great stimulus. A direct and almost electric current is established between the actress and her audience the very first minute she appears on the stage. An actress can feel the quality of her audiences, the intensity of their friendliness and interest, or, on the other hand, their unconvinced or even antagonistic state of mind. She can, in this way, gauge her public and intensify or modify her emotional appeal in such a way as to win them over. No actress knows her *metier* until she has learned to sense the mood of her audiences—and win them over, if the mood is one of antagonism.

Exactly what an actress must do to sense the varying moods of her audience, I believe no one, least of all myself, can say. All I know is that this instinct rarely fails me. Critics have often remarked that I never play a rôle in the same way on any two occasions, and I am sure that this is so, because I always try to adapt my interpretations to fit the mood of my audience.

When I began working in the cinema I missed this intimate and living relationship between the public and myself. At first, I kept trying to think of *imaginary* audiences, but I soon found that this rather hindered than helped me, for in the movies, one must not think of an audience at all. One must hypnotize oneself into the belief that, for the time being, you *are* the person you are portraying, and that the other characters playing with you are every whit as real as you are. If you can convince yourself of that, and of the actuality of your simulated joys, sorrows, regrets, doubts, madresses and passions, you will surely convince your audiences.



The sub-deb reserves to herself such a little cape and muff of natural grey squirrel frilled with chinchilla squirrel in all the most engaging places

THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF FURS

(Continued from page 51)

ermine scarf of this kind is very effective with white or light coloured frocks for wear on the beach.

A smart sable muff and scarf suitable for a woman of almost any age is sketched at the lower right on page 51. The scarf is wound about the neck in such a way that the ends come on each shoulder, and each of these ends is finished with three tails. Seven tails hang from one side of the modestly small muff.

THE LONG THIN STOLE

There is no type of fur piece which is more effective than the long thin stole. It is becoming to a slender woman, and to the heavier figure it gives both height and distinction. A stole of this kind may be worn in any number of ways, but in no way is it more attractive than that in which it is pictured in the sketch at the lower left on page 51. This particular stole is of Hudson Bay sable and is shown with a black velours cape.

For the older woman the natural fur skin is usually more chic than the fur which is fashioned after a pattern, but for a young girl a very good effect can often be obtained with a little cape or collar-ette of the type shown in the sketch at the top on this page. The body of the muff and the collar-ette are of natural grey squirrel, and the little frill about the muff and the band which peeps out at the bottom of the collar are of chinchilla squirrel.

TWO PRACTICAL COATS

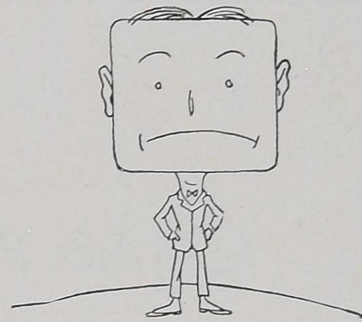
A coat for stormy days, motoring, war work, or winter sports, is shown at the lower left on this page. It is of nigger-head brown velours with a high coachman's collar and cuffs of shaggy wolf dyed taupe. The coat in the sketch at the lower right, is, on the contrary, intended for ordinary town wear, and, in these days of informality, might even be pressed into service with an evening gown. It is of Hudson seal bound with fitch, and it has a high collar of taupe lynx.



One defies coalless and gasless days in a stormy weather coat of tête de nègre velours with a high coachman's collar and cuffs of shaggy wolf dyed taupe



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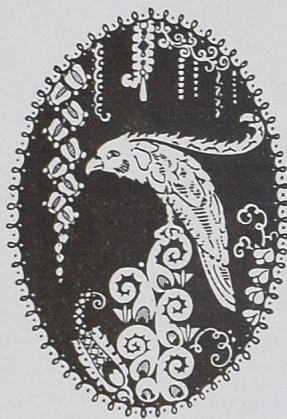
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